



Case	G
Shelf	3

PS14
 47
 183
 v.



Nathaniel Barton,
Straffan.









EVE EFFINGHAM;

OR,

HOME.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

“HOMEWARD BOUND,” “THE PILOT,” “THE SPY,”

&c:

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1838.

2104

EVE EFFINGHAM;

OR,

H O M E.

CHAPTER I.

“Nay, I’ll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport,
Let me be boiled to death with melancholy.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE progress of society in America has been distinguished by several peculiarities that do not so properly belong to the more regular and methodical advances of civilization in other parts of the world. On the one hand, the arts of life, like Minerva, who was struck out of the intellectual being of her father at a blow, have started full grown into existence, as the legitimate inheritance of the colonists, while, on the other, everything tends towards settling down

into a medium, as regards quality, a consequence of the community-character of the institutions. Everything she had seen that day, had struck Eve as partaking of this mixed nature, in which, while nothing was vulgar, little even approached to that high standard which her European education had taught her to esteem perfect. In the "Wigwam," however, as her father's cousin had seen fit to name the family dwelling, there was more of keeping, and a closer attention to the many little things she had been accustomed to consider essential to comfort and elegance, and she was better satisfied with her future home than with most that she had seen since her return to America.

As we have had occasion already to describe the interior of this house, little remains to be said on the subject at present, for while John Effingham had completely altered its external appearance, its internal was not much changed. It is true, the cloud-coloured covering had disappeared, as had that stoop, also, the columns of which were so nobly upheld by their superstructures; the former having given place

to a less obtrusive roof, that was regularly embattled; and the latter having been swallowed up by a small entrance tower, which the new architect had contrived to attach to the building, with quite as much advantage to it in the way of comfort as in appearance. In truth, the Wigwam had none of the more familiar features of a modern American dwelling of its class. There was not a column about it, whether Grecian, Roman, or Egyptian; no venetian blinds; no verandah or piazza; no outside paint, nor any blending of colours. On the contrary, it was a plain old structure, built with great solidity, of excellent materials, and in that style of respectable dignity and propriety that was perhaps a little more peculiar to our fathers than it is to their successors, our worthy selves. In addition to the entrance tower, or porch, on its northern front, John Effingham had also placed a prettily devised conceit on the southern, by means of which the abrupt transition from an inner room to the open air was adroitly avoided. He had moreover removed the "firstly" of the

edifice, and supplied its place with a more suitable addition that contained some of the offices, while it did not disfigure the building, a rare feature in an architectural afterthought.

Internally, the Wigwam had gradually been undergoing improvements ever since that period which, in arts, if not in chronology, might be termed the dark ages of Otsego. The great hall had long before lost its characteristic decoration of the severed arm of Wolf, a gothic paper that was better adapted to the really respectable architecture of the room, being its substitute; and even the urn that was thought to contain the ashes of Queen Dido, like the pitcher that goes too often to the well, had been broken in a war of extermination that had been carried on against the cobwebs by a particularly notable housekeeper. Old Homer, too, had gone the way of all baked clay; Shakspeare himself had dissolved into dust,

“Leaving not a wreck behind,”

and of Washington and Franklin, even indi-

genous as they were, there remained no vestige. Instead of these venerable memorials of the past, John Effingham, who retained a pleasing recollection of their beauties as they had presented themselves to his boyish eyes, had bought a few substitutes in a New York shop ; and *a* Shakspeare, and *a* Milton, and *a* Cæsar, and *a* Dryden, and *a* Locke, as the writers of heroic so beautifully express it, were now seated in tranquil dignity on the old brackets that had held their illustrious predecessors. Although time had as yet done little for this new collection in the way of colour, dust and neglect were already throwing around them the tint of antiquity.

“ The lady,” to use the language of Mr. Bragg, who did the cooking of the Wigwam, having everything in readiness, our party took their seats at the breakfast-table, which was spread in the great hall, as soon as each had paid a little attention to the *toilette*. As the service was neither very scientific, nor sufficiently peculiar, either in the way of elegance or of its opposite quality, to be

worthy of notice, we shall pass it over in silence.

“One will not quite so much miss European architecture in this house,” said Eve, as she took her seat at the table, glancing an eye at the spacious and lofty room in which they were assembled; “here is at least space and its comforts, if not elegance.”

“Had you lost all recollection of this building, my child?” inquired her father kindly. “I was in hopes you would feel some of the happiness of returning home, when you again found yourself beneath its roof!”

“I should greatly dislike to have all the antics I have been playing in my own dressing room exposed,” returned Eve, rewarding the parental solicitude of her father by a look of love, “though Grace, between her laughing and her tears, has threatened to do so. Anne Sidley has also been weeping, and as even Annette, always courteous and considerate, has shed a few tears in the way of sympathy, you ought not to imagine that I have been altogether so stoical as not to betray

some feeling, dear father. But the paroxysm is past, and I am beginning to philosophize. I hope, cousin Jack, you have not forgotten that the drawing room is a lady's empire?"

"I have respected your rights, Miss Effingham, though, with a wish to prevent any violence to your taste, I have caused sundry antediluvian paintings and engravings to be consigned to the ——"

"Garret?" inquired Eve, so quickly as to interrupt the speaker.

"—Fire—" coolly returned her cousin. "The garret is now much too good for them, that part of the house being converted into sleeping rooms for the maids. Mademoiselle Annette would go into hysterics were she to see the works of art that satisfied the past generation of masters in this country, in too close familiarity with her *Louvre-ized* eyes."

"*Point du tout, Monsieur,*" said Mademoiselle Viefville, innocently; "*Annette a du goût dans son metier, sans doute,* but she is too well bred to expect *impossibilités*. No doubt she would have conducted herself with decorum."

Everybody laughed, for much light-heartedness prevailed at that board, and the conversation continued.

“ I shall be satisfied if Annette escape convulsions,” added Eve, “ a refined taste being her weakness ; and, to be frank, what I recollect of the works you mention is not of the most flattering nature.”

“ And yet,” observed Sir George, “ nothing has surprised me more than the respectable state of the arts of engraving and painting in this country. It was unlooked for, and the pleasure has probably been in proportion to the surprise.”

“ In that you are right, Sir George Templemore,” answered John Effingham ; “ but the improvement is of very recent date. He who remembers an American town half a century ago, will see a very different thing in an American town of to-day ; and this is equally true of the arts you mention, with the essential difference that the latter are taking a right direction, under proper instruction, while the former are taking a wrong direction, under the

influence of money, that has no instruction. Had I left much of the old furniture, or any of the old pictures, in the Wigwam, we should have had the bland features of Miss Effingham in frowns, instead of bewitching smiles, at this very moment."

"And yet I have seen fine old furniture in this country, cousin Jack."

"Very true, though not in this part of it. The means of conveyance were wanting half a century since, and few people risked finery of any sort on *corduroys*. This very house had some respectable old things that were brought here by dint of money, and they still remain; but the eighteenth century, in general, may be set down as a very dark antiquity in all this region."

When the repast was over, Mr. Effingham led his guests and daughter through the principal apartments, sometimes commending, and sometimes laughing at, the conceits of his kinsman. The library was a good-sized room, good-sized at least for a country in which domestic as well as public architecture is still

in the chrysalis state. Its walls were hung with an exceedingly pretty Gothic paper in green, but over each window was a chasm in the upper border, and as this border supplied the arches, the unity of the entire design was broken in no less than four places, that being the precise number of the windows. The defect soon attracted the eye of Eve, and she was not slow in demanding an explanation.

“The deficiency is owing to an American accident,” returned her cousin; “one of those calamities, many of which you, as an American mistress of a household, are fated to experience. No more of the border was to be bought in the country, and this is a land of shops, and not of *fabricants*. At Paris, Mademoiselle, one would send to the paper-maker for a supply; but, alas! he that has not enough of a thing with us, is as badly off as if he had none. We are consumers, and not producers of works of art. It is a long way to send to France for ten or fifteen feet of paper hangings, and yet this must be done, or my beautiful Gothic arches will remain for ever without their key-stones.”

“ One sees the inconvenience of this,” observed Sir George; “ we feel it, even in England, in all that relates to imported things.”

“ And we, in nearly all things but food.”

“ And does not this show that America can never become a manufacturing country ?” asked the baronet, with an interest which an intelligent Englishman ever feels in that all-absorbing question. “ If you cannot manufacture an article as simple as that of paper-hangings, would it not be well to turn your attention altogether to agriculture ?”

As the feeling of this interrogatory was much more apparent than its logic, smiles passed from one to the other, though John Effingham, who really had a regard for Sir George, was content to make an evasive reply, a singular proof of amity in a man of his caustic temperament.

The survey of the house, on the whole, proved satisfactory to its future mistress, who complained, however, that it was furnished too much like a town residence.

“For,” she added, “you will remember, cousin Jack, that our visits here will be something like a *villeggiatura*.”

“Yes, yes, my fair lady ; it will not be long before your Parisian and Roman tastes will be ready to pronounce the whole country a *villeggiatura* !”

“This is the penalty, Eve, one pays for being a Hajji,” observed Grace, who had been closely watching the expression of the other’s countenance ; for, agreeably to her view of things, the Wigwam wanted for nothing to render it a perfect abode. “The things that *we* enjoy, you despise.”

“That is an argument, my dear coz, that would apply equally well as a reason for preferring brown sugar to white.”

“In coffee, certainly, Miss Eve,” put in the attentive Aristobulus, who, having acquired this taste in virtue of an economical mother, really fancied it a pure one ; “everybody, in these regions, prefers the brown in coffee.”

“Oh, *mon père et ma mère, comme je vous en veux*,” said Eve, without attending to the

nice distinctions of Mr. Bragg, which savoured a little too much of the neophyte in cookery to find favour in the present company,—“*comme je vous en veux* for having neglected so many beautiful sites, to place this building in the very spot it occupies.”

“In that respect, my child, we may rather be grateful at finding so comfortable a home at all. Compared with the civilization that then surrounded it, this dwelling was a palace at the time of its erection, bearing some such relation to the humbler structures around it as the *chateau* bears to the village tenement. Remember that bricks had never before been piled on bricks in the walls of a house in all this region when the Wigwam was constructed. It is the temple of Neptune of Otsego, if not of all the surrounding counties.”

Eve pressed to her lips the hand she was holding in both her own, and they all passed out of the library into another room. As they came in front of the hall-windows, a party of apprentice boys were seen coolly making their arrangements to amuse themselves with a game

of ball on the lawn, directly in front of the house.

“Surely, Mr. Bragg,” said the owner of the Wigwam, with more displeasure in his voice than was usual for one of his regulated mind, “you do not countenance this liberty?”

“Liberty, sir!—I am an advocate for liberty wherever I can find it. Do you refer to the young men on the lawn, Mr. Effingham?”

“Certainly, to them, sir; and permit me to say, I think they might have chosen a more suitable spot for their sports. They are mistaking *liberties* for liberty, I fear.”

“Why, sir, I believe they have *always* played ball in that precise locality.”

“Always!—I can assure you this is a great mistake. What private family, placed as we are in the centre of a village, could allow of an invasion of its privacy in this rude manner? Well may the house be termed a Wigwam, if this whooping is to be tolerated before its door.”

“You forget, Ned,” said John Effingham, with a sneer, “that an American ‘*always*’ means just eighteen months. *Antiquity* is reached in

five lustres, and the dark ages at the end of a human life. I dare say these amiable young gentlemen, who enliven their sports with so many agreeable oaths, would think you very unreasonable and encroaching to presume to tell them they are unwelcome."

"To own the truth, Mr. John, it *would* be very unpopular."

"As I cannot permit the ears of the ladies to be offended with these rude brawls, and shall never consent to have grounds that are so limited, and which so properly belong to the very privacy of my dwelling, invaded in this coarse manner, I beg, Mr. Bragg, that you will at once desire these young men to pursue their sports somewhere else."

Aristobulus received this commission with a very ill grace, for while his native sagacity told him that Mr. Effingham was right, he too well knew the loose habits that had been rapidly increasing in the country during the last ten years not to foresee that the order would do violence to all the apprentices' preconceived notions of their immunities; for, as he had truly stated,

things move at so quick a pace in America, and popular feeling is so arbitrary, that a custom of twelve months' existence is deemed sacred, until the public itself sees fit to alter it. He was reluctantly quitting the party on his unpleasant duty, when Mr. Effingham turned to a servant who belonged to the place, and bade him go to the village barber, and desire him to come to the Wigwam to cut his hair; Pierce, who usually performed that office for him, being busied with unpacking his trunks.

“Never mind, Tom,” said Aristobulus, obligingly, as he took up his hat; “I am going into the street, and will give the message to Mr. Lather.”

“I cannot think, sir, of employing you on such a duty,” hastily interrupted Mr. Effingham, who felt a gentleman's reluctance to impose an unsuitable office on any of his dependants; “Tom, I am sure, will do me the favour.”

“Do not name it, my dear sir; nothing makes me happier than to do these little errands, and, another time, you can do as much for me.”

Aristobulus now went his way more cheerfully, for he determined to go first to the barber, hoping that some expedient might suggest itself by means of which he could coax the apprentices off the lawn, and thus escape the injury to his popularity that he so much dreaded. It is true, these apprentices were not voters, but then some of them speedily would be, and all of them, moreover, had *tongues*, an instrument Mr. Bragg held in quite as much awe as some men dread salt petre. In passing the ball-players he called out, in a wheedling tone, to their ring-leader, a notorious street-brawler,

“ A fine time for sport, Dickey ; don’t you think there would be more room in the broad street than on this crowded lawn, where you will lose your ball so often in the shrubbery ?”

“ This place will do, on a pinch,” bawled Dickey, “ though it might be better. If it warn’t for that plagued house, we couldn’t ask for a better ball-ground.”

“ I don’t see,” put in another, “ what folks built a house just in that spot for ; it has spoilt the very best play-ground in the village.”

“Some people have their notions, as well as others,” returned Aristobulus; “but, gentlemen, if I were in your place, I would try the street. I feel satisfied you would find it much the most agreeable and convenient.”

The apprentices thought differently, however, or they were indisposed to the change. Meanwhile the party in the house continued their examination of John Effingham's improvements, and when this was completed, they separated, each to his or her own room.

Aristobulus soon re-appeared on the lawn, and approaching the ball-players, he began to execute his commission, as he conceived, in good earnest. Instead of simply saying, however, that it was disagreeable to the owner of the property to have such an invasion on his privacy, and thus putting a stop to the intrusion at the present moment, as well as for the future, he believed some address necessary to attain the desired end.

“Well, Dickey,” he said, “there is no accounting for tastes; but, in my opinion, the street would be a much better place to play

ball in than this lawn. I wonder gentlemen of your observation should be satisfied with so cramped a play-ground !”

“ I tell you, 'Squire Bragg, this will do,” roared Dickey; “ we are in a hurry, and no way particular; the Bosses will be after us in half an hour. Heave away, Sam.”

“ There are so many fences hereabouts,” continued Aristobulus, with an air of indifference; “ it's true the village trustees say, there *shall be no ball-playing in the street*; but I conclude you don't much mind what *they* think or threaten.”

“ Let them sue for that if they like,” bawled a particularly amiable blackguard, called Peter, who struck his ball as he spoke quite into the principal street of the village,— “ Who's a trustee, that he should tell gentlemen where they are to play ball !”

“ Sure enough,” said Aristobulus, “ and now, by following up that blow, you can bring matters to an issue. I think the law very oppressive, and you can never have so good an opportunity to bring them to a point. Besides,

it is very aristocratic to play ball among roses and dahlias."

The bait took, for what apprentice — American apprentice in particular—can resist an opportunity of showing how much he considers himself superior to the law. Then it had never struck any of the party before that it was vulgar and aristocratic to pursue the sport among roses, and one or two of them had actually complained that they had pricked their fingers in searching for the ball.

"I know Mr. Effingham would be very sorry to have you go," continued Aristobulus, following up his advantage, "but gentlemen cannot always forego their pleasures for other folks."

"Who's Mr. Effingham, I should like to know?" cried Joe Wart; "if he warnts people to play ball on his premises, let him cut down his roses. Come, gentlemen, I conform to 'Squire Bragg, and invite you all to follow me into the street."

As the lawn was now evacuated *en masse*, Aristobulus proceeded with alacrity to the

house, and went into the library, where Mr. Effingham was patiently waiting his return.

“ I am happy to inform you, sir,” commenced the ambassador, “ that the ball-players have adjourned, but as for Mr. Lather, he declines your proposition.”

“ Declines my proposition !”

“ Yes, sir; he dislikes to come, for he thinks it will be altogether a poor operation. His notion is, that if it be worth his while to come up to the Wigwam to cut your hair, it may be worth your while to go down to his shop to have it cut. Considering the matter in all its bearings, therefore, he concludes he would rather not engage in the transaction at all.”

“ I regret, sir, to have consented to your taking so disagreeable a commission, and regret it the more, now I find that the barber is disposed to be troublesome.”

“ Not at all, sir. Mr. Lather is a good man in his way, and particularly neighbourly. By the way, Mr. Effingham, he asked me to propose to you to let him take down your garden fence, in order that he may haul some manure

on his potato-patch, which wants it dreadfully, he says."

"Certainly, sir. I cannot possibly object to his hauling his manure even through this house, should he wish it. He is so very valuable a citizen, and one who knows his own business so well, that I am only surprised at the moderation of his request."

Here Mr. Effingham rose, rang the bell for Pierre, and went to his own room, doubting in his own mind, from all that he had seen, whether this was really the Templeton he had known in his youth, and whether he was in his own house or not.

As for Aristobulus, who saw nothing in what had passed out of rule, or contrary to his own notions of propriety, he hurried off to tell the barber, who was so ignorant of the first duty of his trade, that he was at liberty to pull down Mr. Effingham's fence, in order to manure his own potato-patch.

Lest the reader should suppose we are drawing caricatures, instead of representing the actual condition of society, it may be necessary

to explain that Mr. Bragg was a standing candidate for popular favour, that, like Mr. Dodge, he considered everything that presented itself in the name of the public as sacred and paramount, and that so general and positive was his deference for majorities, that it was the bias of his mind to think half a dozen always in the right, as opposed to one, although that one, agreeably to the decision of the real majority of the entire community, had not only the law on his side, but all the abstract merits of the disputed question. In short, to such a pass of freedom had Mr. Bragg, in common with a large class of his countrymen, carried his notions, that he had really begun to imagine that liberty was all means and no end.

CHAPTER II.

“————— In sooth, thou wert in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogrometus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus—”

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

It has just been said, that the progress of society in what is termed a “new country,” is a little peculiar. At the commencement of a settlement there is much of that sort of kind feeling and mutual interest which men are apt to manifest towards each other when they have embarked in an enterprise of common hazard. The distance that is unavoidably inseparable from education, habits, and manners, is lessened by mutual wants and mutual efforts; and the gentleman, even while he may maintain his character and station, maintains them with that species of good-

fellowship and familiarity that mark the intercourse between the officer and soldier in an arduous campaign. Men, and even women, break bread together, and otherwise commingle, that in different circumstances would be strangers; the hardy adventure and rough living of the forest, apparently lowering the pretensions of the man of cultivation and mere mental resources to something very near the level of those of the man of physical energy and manual skill. In this rude intercourse the parties meet, as it might be, on a sort of neutral ground, one yielding something of his superiority, and the other laying claim to an outward show of equality, that he well understands, however, is the result of the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed. In short, the state of society is favourable to the claims of mere animal force, and unfavourable to those of the higher mental qualities.

This period may be termed, perhaps, the happiest of the first century of a settlement. The great cares of life are so engrossing

and serious, that small vexations are overlooked, and the petty grievances that would make us seriously uncomfortable, in a more regular state of society, are taken as matters of course, or laughed at as the regular and expected incidents of the day. Good-will abounds; neighbour comes cheerfully to the aid of neighbour; and life has much of the reckless gaiety, careless association, and buoyant merriment of childhood. It is found that they who have passed through this probation, usually look back to it with regret, and are fond of dwelling on the rude scenes and ridiculous events that distinguish the history of a new settlement, as the hunter is known to pine for the forest.

To this period of fun, toil, neighbourly feeling, and adventure, succeeds another, in which society begins to marshal itself, and the ordinary passions have sway. Now it is that we see the struggles for place, the heart-burnings and jealousies of contending families, and the influence of mere money. Circumstances have probably established the lo-

cal superiority of a few beyond all question; and the society of these serves as a goal for the rest to aim at. The learned professions,—the ministry included, or what by courtesy is so called, take precedence,—as a matter of course, next to wealth, however, when wealth is at all supported by appearances. Then commence those gradations of social station that set institutions at defiance, and which as necessarily follow civilization as tastes and habits are a consequence of indulgence.

This is, perhaps, the least inviting condition of society that belongs to any country that can claim to be free and removed from barbarism. The tastes are too uncultivated to exercise any essential influence; and when they do exist, it is usually with the pretension that notoriously accompanies infant knowledge. The struggle is only so much the more severe, in consequence of the late *pêle mèle*, while men lay claim to a consideration that would seem beyond their reach in an older and better regulated community. It is during this period that manners suffer the

most, since they want the nature and feeling of the first condition, while they are exposed to the rudest assaults of the coarse-minded and vulgar; for, as men usually defer to superiority that is long established, there being a charm about antiquity that is sometimes able to repress even the passions, in older communities the marshalling of time quietly regulates what is here the subject of strife. What has just been said, depends on a general and natural principle, perhaps; but the state of society we are describing has some features peculiar to itself. The civilization of America, even in those older districts that supply the emigrants to the newer regions, is unequal—one state possessing a higher level than another. Coming as it does from different parts of this vast country, the population of a new settlement, while it is singularly homogeneous for the circumstances, necessarily brings with it these local peculiarities. If to such elements there be added a sprinkling of Europeans of various nations and conditions, the effect of the commingling,

and the temporary social struggles that follow, will occasion no surprise.

The third and last condition of society in a "new country" is that in which the influence of the particular causes enumerated ceases, and men and things come within the control of more general laws. The effect, of course, is to leave the community in possession of a civilization that conforms to that of the whole region, be it higher or be it lower, and with a division into castes, that is more or less rigidly maintained, according to circumstances.

The periods—as the astronomers call the time taken in a celestial revolution—of the two first of these epochs in the history of a settlement, depend very much on their advancement in wealth and in numbers. In some places, the pastoral age, or that of good fellowship, continues for a whole life, to the obvious retrogression of the people in most of the higher qualities perhaps, but to their manifest happiness, so far as the pleasures of the time being are concerned; in others it

passes away rapidly, like the buoyant animal joys that live their time between fourteen and twenty.

The second period is usually of longer duration, the migratory habits of the American people keeping society longer unsettled than might otherwise prove to be the case. It may be said never to cease entirely until the great majority of the living generation are natives of the region, knowing no other means of comparison than those under which they have passed their days. Even when this is the case, there is commonly so large an infusion of the birds of passage, — men who are adventurers in quest of advancement, and who live without the charities of a neighbourhood, as they may be said to live almost without a home, — that there is to be found, for a long time, a middle state of society, during which it may well be questioned whether a community belongs to the second or to the third of the periods named.

Templeton was properly in this equivocal condition; for while the third generation of the old settlers were in active life, so many

passers-by came and went, that their influence nearly neutralized that of time and the natural order of things. Its population was pretty equally divided between the descendants of the earlier inhabitants and those who flitted like swallows and other migratory birds. All those who had originally entered the region in the pride of manhood, and had been active in converting the wilderness into the abodes of civilized men, if they had not, in a physical sense, been literally gathered to their fathers, had been laid, the first of their several races, beneath those sods that were to cover the heads of so many of their descendants. A few still remained among those who had entered the wilderness in early manhood; but the events of the first period we have designated, and which we have imperfectly recorded in another work, were already passing into traditions. Among these original settlers some portion of the feeling that had distinguished their earliest communion with their neighbours yet continued, and one of their greatest delights was to talk of the hardships and privations of their younger

days, as the veteran loves to discourse of his marches, battles, sieges, and scars. It would be too much to say that these persons viewed the more ephemeral part of the population with distrust, for familiarity with change accustomed them to new faces; but they had a secret inclination for each other, preferred those who could enter sincerely into their own feelings, and naturally loved that communion best where they found the most sympathy. To this fragment of the community belonged nearly all which could be found of that sort of sentiment which is connected with locality—adventure, with them, supplying the place of time; while the natives of the spot, wanting in the recollections that had so many charms for their fathers, were not yet brought sufficiently within the influence of traditionary interest to entertain that hallowed sentiment in its proper force. As opposed in feeling to those relics of the olden time were the birds of passage so often named, a numerous and restless class, that, of themselves, are almost sufficient to destroy whatever there is of poe-

try, or of local attachment, in any region where they resort.

In Templeton, and its adjacent district, however, the two hostile influences might be said to be nearly equal; the descendants of the fathers of the country beginning to make a manly stand against the looser sentiments, or the want of sentiment, that so singularly distinguishes the migratory bands. The first began to consider the temple in which their fathers had worshipped more hallowed than strange altars, the sods that covered their fathers' heads more sacred than the clods that were upturned by the plough, and the places of their childhood and childish sports dearer than the highway trodden by a nameless multitude.

Such, then, were the elements of the society into which we have ushered the reader, and with which it shall be our duty to make him better acquainted as we proceed in the regular narration of the incidents of our tale.

The return of the Effinghams, after so long an absence, naturally produced a sensation

in so small a place, and visitors began to appear in the Wigwam as soon as propriety would allow.

Many false rumours prevailed, quite as a matter of course; and Eve, it was reported, was on the point of being married to no less than three of the inmates of her father's house, within the first ten days, viz. Sir George Templemore, Mr. Powis, and Mr. Bragg; the latter story taking its rise in some precocious hopes that had escaped the gentleman himself, in the "excitement" of helping to empty a bottle of bad Breton wine that was dignified with the name of champagne. But these tales revived and died so often, in a state of society in which matrimony is so general a topic with the young of the gentler sex, that they brought with them their own refutation. The third day in particular, after the arrival of our party, was a reception day at the Wigwam, the gentlemen and ladies making it a point to be at home and disengaged after twelve o'clock, in order to do honour to their guests. One of the first who made his ap-

pearance was a Mr. Howel, a bachelor of about the same age as Mr. Effingham, and a man of easy fortune and quiet habits. Nature had done more towards making Mr. Howel a gentleman than either cultivation or association; for he had passed his entire life, with very immaterial exceptions, in the valley of Templeton, where, without being what might be called either a student or a scholar, he had dreamed away his existence in an indolent communication with the current literature of the day. He was fond of reading, and being indisposed to contention or activity of any sort, his mind had admitted the impressions of what he perused, as the stone receives a new form by the constant fall of drops of water. Unfortunately for Mr. Howel he understood no language but his mother tongue, and, as all his reading was necessarily confined to English books, he had gradually, and unknown to himself, in his moral nature at least, got to be a mere reflection of those opinions, prejudices, and principles, if such a word can properly be used to indicate such a state of mind, that it

had suited the interests or passions of England to promulgate by means of the press. A perfect *bonne foi* prevailed in all his notions, and though a modest man by nature, so very certain was he his authority was always right, that he was a little apt to be dogmatical on such points as he thought his authors appeared to treat as settled. Between John Effingham and Mr. Howel there were constant amicable skirmishes, in the way of discussions; for while the latter was so dependant, so limited in knowledge, and so disposed to an innocent credulity, the former was original in his views, accustomed to see and think for himself, and moreover a little apt to estimate his own advantages at their full value.

“Here comes our old neighbour and my old school-fellow, Tom Howel,” said Mr. Effingham, looking out at a window, and perceiving the person mentioned crossing the little lawn, in front of the house, by following a winding footpath, “as kind-hearted a man, Sir George Templemore, as exists; one

who is really American, for he has scarcely quitted the county half a dozen times in his life, and one of the most gentle and honest fellows of my acquaintance."

"Ay," added John Effingham, "as real an American as any man can be, who uses English spectacles for all he looks at, English opinions for all he says, English prejudices for all he condemns, and an English palate for all he tastes. American, quotha! The man is no more American than the Times newspaper or Charing Cross! He actually made a journey to New York, last war, to satisfy himself with his own eyes, that a Yankee frigate had really brought into port an Englishman."

"His English predilections will be no fault in my eyes," said the baronet smiling, "and I dare say we shall be excellent friends."

"I am sure Mr. Howel is a very agreeable man," added Grace; "of all in your Templeton *coterie* he is my greatest favourite."

"Oh, I foresee a tender intimacy between

Templemore and Howel," rejoined John Effingham, "and sundry wordy wars between the latter and Miss Effingham."

"In this you do me injustice, cousin Jack. I remember Mr. Howel well and kindly, for he was ever wont to indulge my childish whims when a girl."

"The man is a second Burchell, and I dare say never came to the Wigwam, when you were a child, without having his pockets stuffed with cakes or *bonbons*."

The meeting was cordial, Mr. Howel greeting the gentlemen like a warm friend, and expressing great delight at the personal improvements that had been made in Eve between the ages of eight and twenty. John Effingham was not more backward than the others, for he, too, liked their simple-minded, kind-hearted, but credulous neighbour.

"You are welcome back, you are welcome back," added Mr. Howel, blowing his nose, in order to conceal the tears that were gathering in his eyes. "I did think of going to New York to meet you, but the distance at

my time of life is very serious. Age, gentlemen, seems to be a stranger to you."

"And yet we are both a few months older than yourself, Howel," returned Mr. Effingham kindly, "and have managed to overcome the distance you have just mentioned, in order to come and see you."

"Ay, you are great travellers, gentlemen, very great travellers, and are accustomed to motion. Been quite as far as Jerusalem, I hear!"

"Into its very gates, my good friend, and I wish with all my heart we had had you in our company. Such a journey might cure you of your home malady."

"I am a fixture, and never expect to look upon the ocean now. I did, at one period of my life, fancy such an event might happen, but I have finally abandoned all hope on that subject. Well, Miss Eve, of all the countries in which you have dwelt, to which do you give the preference?"

"I think Italy is the general favourite," answered Eve, with a friendly smile; "al-

though there are some agreeable things peculiar to almost every country."

"Italy!—Well, that astonishes me a good deal! I never knew there was anything particularly interesting about Italy! I should have expected *you* to say England."

"England is a fine country too, certainly; but it wants many things that Italy enjoys."

— "Well now, *what?*" said Mr. Howel, shifting his legs from one knee to the other, in order to be more conveniently situated to listen, or if necessary to object. "What *can* Italy possess that England does not enjoy in a still greater degree?"

"Its recollections for one thing, and all that interest which time and great events throw around a region."

"And is England wanting in recollections and great events? Are there not the Conqueror, or, if you will, King Alfred, and Queen Elizabeth, and Shakspeare?—Think of Shakspeare, my dear young lady, and Sir Walter Scott, and the Gunpowder Plot; and Cromwell—Oliver Cromwell, my dear Miss

Eve—and Westminster Abbey, and London Bridge, and George IV.—the descendant of a line of real kings:—what, in the name of Heaven, can Italy possess to equal the interest one feels in such things as these !”

“ They are very interesting, no doubt,” said Eve, endeavouring not to smile ; “ but Italy has its relics of former ages too : you forget the Cæsars ”

“ Very good sort of persons for barbarous times, I dare say ; but what can they be to the English monarchs ? I would rather look upon a *bonâ fide* English king than see all the Cæsars that ever set fire to Rome. I never think any man a real king but the King of England.”

“ What, not King Solomon !” cried John Effingham.

“ Oh ! he was a Bible king, and one never thinks of them. Italy ! well, this I did not expect from your father’s daughter. Your great-great great grandfather must have been an Englishman born, Mr. Effingham ?”

“ I have reason to think he was, sir.”

“And Milton, and Dryden, and Newton, and Locke! These are prodigious names—worth all the Cæsars put together. And Pope, too; what have they got in Italy to compare to Pope?”

“They have at least the Pope,” said Eve, laughing.

“And then there are the Boar’s Head in Eastcheap, and the Tower, and Queen Anne, and all the wits of her reign; and—and—and Titus Oates, and Bosworth Field,—and Smithfield, where the martyrs were burned, and a thousand more spots of intense interest in old England!”

“Quite true,” said John Effingham, with an air of sympathy; “but, Howel, you have forgotten Peeping Tom of Coventry and the climate.”

“And Holyrood House, and York Minster, and St. Paul’s,” continued the worthy Mr. Howel, too much bent on a catalogue of excellences, that to him was sacred, to heed the interruption,—“and above all, Windsor

Castle! What is there in the world to equal Windsor Castle, as a royal residence?"

Want of breath now gave Eve an opportunity to reply, and she seized it with an eagerness that she was the first to laugh at herself afterwards.

"Caserta is no mean house, Mr. Howel, and in my poor judgment, there is more real magnificence in its great staircase than in all Windsor Castle united, if you except the chapel."

"But, St. Paul's!"

"Why, St. Peter's may be set down quite fairly, I think, for its *pendant* at least."

"True, the Catholics *do* say so," returned Mr. Howel, with the deliberation one uses when he greatly distrusts his own concession; "but I have always set it down as one of their frauds; I don't think there *can* be anything finer than St. Paul's. Then there are the noble ruins of England! *They*, you must admit, are unrivalled."

"The Temple of Neptune, at Pæstum, is

commonly thought an interesting ruin, Mr. Howel."

"Yes, yes, for a *temple*, I dare say, though I do not remember to have heard of it before. But no temple can ever compare to a ruined *abbey*."

"Taste is an arbitrary thing, Tom Howel, as you and I know; when boys, we quarrelled about the beauty of our ponies," said Mr. Effingham, willing to put an end to a discussion that he thought a little premature, after so long an absence. "Here are two young friends who have shared the hazards of our late voyage with us, and to whom, in a great degree, we owe our present happy security, and I am anxious to make you acquainted with them.—This is our countryman, Mr. Powis, and this is an English friend, who, I am certain, will be happy to know so warm an admirer of his own country,—Sir George Templemore."

Mr. Howel had never before seen a titled Englishman, and he was taken so much by surprise, that he made his salutations rather

awkwardly. As both the young men, however, met him with the respectful ease that denotes familiarity with the world, he soon recovered his self-possession.

“I hope you have brought back with you a sound American heart, Miss Eve,” resumed the guest, as soon as this little interruption had ceased. “We have already had sundry rumours of French marquises and German barons, but I have, all along, trusted too much to your patriotism to believe you would marry a foreigner.”

“I hope you except Englishmen,” cried Sir George, gaily: “we are almost the same people.”

“I am proud to hear you say so, sir; nothing flatters me more than to be thought English, and I certainly should not have accused Miss Effingham of a want of love of country, had—”

—“She married half a dozen Englishmen,” interrupted John Effingham, who saw that the old theme was in danger of being revived. “But, Howel, you have paid me no compli-

ments on the changes in the house. I hope they are to your liking?"

"A little too French, Mr. John."

"French!—there is not a French feature in the whole animal. What has put such a notion into your head?"

"It is the common opinion, and I confess I should like the building better were it less continental."

"Why, my old friend, it is a non-descript,—an original,—Effingham upon Doolittle, if you will; and, as for models, it is rather more *English* than anything else."

"Well, Mr. John, I am glad to hear you say this; for I do confess to a disposition rather to like the house. I am dying to know, Miss Eve, if you saw all our distinguished contemporaries when in Europe?—*that*, to me, would be one of the greatest delights of travelling!"

"To say we saw them *all*, might be too much, though we certainly did meet with many."

"Scott, of course."

“ Sir Walter we had the pleasure of meeting, a few times, in London.”

“ And Southey, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Moore, and Bulwer, and D’Israeli, and Rogers, and Campbell, and the grave of Byron, and Horace Smith, and Miss Landon, and Barry Cornwall, and—”

“ *Cum multis aliis,*” put in John Effingham again, by way of arresting this torrent of names. “ Eve saw many of these, and, as Jubal told Shylock, ‘ we often came where we did hear’ of the rest. But you say nothing, friend Tom, of Goethe, and Tieck, and Schlegel, and La Martine, Châteaubriand, Hugo, Delavigne, Mickiewicz, Nota, Manzoni, Niccolini, &c.”

Honest, well-meaning Mr. Howel listened to the catalogue that the other ran volubly over in silent wonder, for, with the exception of one or two of these distinguished men, he had never even heard of them, and, in the simplicity of his heart, unconsciously to himself, he had believed that there was no great personage still living of whom he did not

know something, or who did not pass most of his time in England.

“Ah, here comes young Wenham, by way of preserving the equilibrium,” resumed John Effingham, looking out of a window. “I rather think you must have forgotten him, Ned, though you remember his father, beyond question.”

Mr. Effingham and his cousin went out into the hall to receive the new guest, with whom the latter had become acquainted while superintending the repairs of the Wigwam.

Mr. Wenham was the son of a successful lawyer in the county, and being an only child he had succeeded to an easy independence. His age, however, brought him rather into the generation to which Eve belonged than into that of the father; and if Mr. Howel was a reflection, or rather a continuation, of all the provincial notions that America entertained of England forty years ago, Mr. Wenham might almost be said to belong to the opposite school, and to be as ultra American as his neighbour was ultra British. If there is *la jeune France*,

there is also *la jeune Amerique*, although the votaries of the latter march with less hardy steps than the votaries of the former. Mr. Wenham fancied himself a paragon of national independence, and was constantly talking of American excellences, though the ancient impressions still lingered in his moral system, as men, in after life, look askance for the ghost which frightened their childhood, on crossing a church-yard in the dark. John Effingham knew the penchant of the young man, and when he said that he came happily to preserve the equilibrium, he alluded to this striking difference in the characters of their two friends.

The introductions and salutations over, we shall resume the conversation that succeeded in the drawing-room.

“You must be much gratified, Miss Effingham,” observed Mr. Wenham, who, like a true American, being a young man himself, supposed it *de rigueur* to address a young lady in preference to any other person present, “with the

great progress made by *our* country since you went abroad."

Eve simply answered, that her extreme youth, when she left home, had prevented her from retaining any precise notions on such subjects. "I dare say it is all very true," she added; "but one, like myself, who remembers only older countries, is, I think, a little more apt to be struck with the deficiencies than with what may, in truth, be improvements, though they still fall short of excellence."

Mr. Wenham looked vexed—or indignant would be a better word, perhaps; but he succeeded in preserving his coolness, a thing that is not always easy to one of provincial habits and education, when he finds his own *beau ideal* lightly estimated by others.

"Miss Effingham must discover a thousand imperfections in this country," said Mr. Howel, "coming as she does directly from England.—That music, now—" alluding to the sounds of a flute that were heard through the open windows, issuing from a room in the

adjacent village —“ must be rude enough to her ear after the music in London.”

“ The *street* music of London is certainly among the best, if not the very best, in Europe,” returned Eve, with a glance of the eye at the baronet that caused him to smile ; “ and I think this fairly belongs to the class, being so freely given to the neighbourhood.”

“ Have you read the articles signed *Minerva*, in the *Hebdomadal*, Miss Effingham ?” inquired Mr. Wenham, who was determined to try the young lady on a point of sentiment, having succeeded so ill in his first attempt to interest her ;—“ they are generally thought to be a great acquisition to American literature.”

“ Well, Wenham, you are a fortunate man,” interposed Mr. Howel, “ if you can find any literature in America to add to or to subtract from. Beyond almanacks, reports of cases badly got up, and newspaper verses, I know nothing that deserves such a name.”

“ We may not print on as fine paper, Mr. Howel, or do up the books in as handsome

bindings, as other people," said Mr. Wenham, bridling and looking grave; "but, so far as sentiments or sound sense are concerned, *American* literature need turn its back on no literature of the day."

"By the way, Mr. Effingham, you were in Russia; did you happen to see the emperor?"

"I had that pleasure, Mr. Howel."

"And is he really the monster we have been taught to believe him?"

"Monster!" exclaimed the upright Mr. Effingham, fairly recoiling a step in surprise. "In what sense a monster, my worthy friend? surely not in a physical!"

"I do not know that. I have somehow got the notion he is anything but handsome. A mean, butchering, bloodyminded looking little chap, I'll engage."

"You are libelling one of the finest men of the age."

"I think I would submit it to a jury. I cannot believe, after what I have read of him in the English publications, that he is so very handsome."

“ But, my good neighbour, these English publications must be wrong, prejudiced perhaps, or even malignant.”

“ Oh ! I am not the man to be imposed on in that way. Besides, what motive could an English writer have for belying an Emperor of Russia ? ”

“ Sure enough, what motive ! ” exclaimed John Effingham. “ You have your answer, Ned ! ”

“ But you will remember, Mr. Howel,” Eve interrupted, “ that we have *seen* the Emperor Nicholas.”

“ I dare say, Miss Eve, that your gentle nature was disposed to judge him as kindly as possible, and then I think most Americans, ever since the congress of Ghent, have been disposed to view all Russians too favourably. No, no ; I am satisfied with the account of the English ; they live much nearer to St. Petersburg than we do, and they are more accustomed, too, to give accounts of such matters.”

“ But living nearer, Tom Howel,” cried Mr. Effingham, with unusual animation, “ in

such a case is of no avail, unless one lives near enough to see with his own eyes."

"Well, well, my good friend, we will talk of this another time. I know your disposition to look at everybody with lenient eyes. I will now wish you all a good morning, and hope soon to see you again. Miss Eve, I have one word to say, if you dare trust yourself with a youth of fifty for a minute in the library."

Eve rose cheerfully, and led the way to the room her father's visiter had named. When within it, Mr. Howel shut the door carefully, and then, with a sort of eager delight, he exclaimed—

"For heaven's sake, my dear young lady, tell me who are these two strange gentlemen in the other room."

"Precisely the persons my father mentioned, Mr. Howel—Mr. Paul Powis and Sir George Templemore."

"Englishmen, of course."

"Sir George Templemore is, of course, as you say; but we may boast of Mr. Powis as a countryman."

“ Sir George Templemore !—what a superb-looking young fellow !”

“ Why, yes,” returned Eve, laughing, “ he, at least, you will admit is a handsome man.”

“ He is wonderful !—the other, Mr. a—a—a—I forget what you called him,—he is pretty well too ; but this Sir George is a princely youth !”

“ I rather think a majority of observers would give the preference to the appearance of Mr. Powis,” said Eve, struggling to be steady, but permitting a blush to heighten her colour in spite of the effort.

“ What could have induced him to come up among these mountains,—an English baronet !” resumed Mr. Howel, without thinking of Eve’s confusion. “ Is he a real lord ? ”

“ Only a little baron, Mr. Howel. You heard what my father said of our having been fellow-travellers.”

“ But what *does* he think of us ? I am dying to know what such a man *really* thinks of us.”

“ It is not always easy to discover what such men *really* think ; although I am inclined to

believe that he is disposed to think rather favourably of some of us."

"Ay, of you, and your father, and Mr. John; you have travelled, and are more than half Europeans; but what *can* he think of those who have never left America?"

"Even of some of those," returned Eve, smiling, "I suspect he thinks partially."

"Well, I am glad of that. Do you happen to know his opinion of the Emperor Nicholas?"

"Indeed, I do not remember to have heard him mention the Emperor's name, nor do I think he has ever seen him."

"That is extraordinary! such a man should have seen everything and know everything; but I'll engage, at the bottom, he *does* know all about him. If you happen to have any old English newspapers as wrappers, or by any other accident, let me beg them of you. I care not how old they are. An English journal fifty years old is more interesting than one of ours wet from the press."

Eve promised to send him a package, when

they shook hands and parted. As she was crossing the hall to join the party, John Effingham stopped her.

“Has Howel made proposals?” the gentleman inquired, in an affected whisper.

“None, cousin Jack, beyond an offer to read all the old English newspapers I can send him.”

“Yes, yes, Tom Howel will swallow all the nonsense that is *timbre à Londres*.”

“I confess a good deal of surprise at finding a respectable and intelligent man so weak-minded as to give credit to such authorities, or to form his serious opinions on information derived from such a source.”

“You may be surprised, Eve, at hearing such frank avowals of the weakness, but as for the weakness itself, you are now in a country for which England does all the thinking, except on subjects that touch the current events of the day.”

“Nay, I will not believe this! If it were true, how came we independent of her—where did we get spirit to war against her?”

“The man who has attained his majority is independent of his father’s legal control, without being independent of the lessons he was taught when a child. The soldier sometimes mutinies, and, after the contest is over, he is usually the most submissive man of the regiment.”

“All this, to me, is very astonishing! I confess that a great deal has struck me unpleasantly in this way since our return, especially in ordinary society; but I never could have supposed it had reached the pass to which I see it existing in our good neighbour Howel.”

“You have witnessed one of the effects in a matter of no great moment to ourselves; but, as time and years afford the means of observation and comparison, you will perceive the effects in matters of the last importance in a national point of view. It is in human nature to undervalue the things with which we are familiar, and to form false estimates of those which are remote, either by time or by distance. But go into the drawing-room, and in young Wenham you will find one who fancies

himself a votary of a new school, although his prejudices and mental dependence are scarcely less obvious than those of poor Tom Howel."

The arrival of more company, among whom were several ladies, compelled Eve to defer an examination of Mr. Wenham's peculiarity to another opportunity. She found many of her own sex, whom she had left children, grown into womanhood, and not a few of them at a period of life when they should be cultivating their physical and moral powers, already oppressed with the cares and feebleness that weigh so heavily on the young American wife.

CHAPTER III.

“ Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.”

QUEEN KATHARINE.

THE Effinghams were soon regularly domesticated, and the usual civilities had been exchanged. Many of their old friends resumed their ancient intercourse, and some new acquaintances had been made. The few first visits were, as usual, rather laborious and formal, but things soon took their natural course, and as the ease of country life was the aim of the family, the temporary little bustle was quickly forgotten.

The dressing-room of Eve overlooked the lake, and about a week after her arrival she was seated in it at her toilette-table. Annette was in attendance as usual, while Anne Sid-

ley, who was unconsciously jealous that any one should be employed about her darling, busied herself in preparing the different articles of attire that she fancied her young mistress might be disposed to wear that morning. Grace was also in the room, having escaped from the hands of her own maid, in order to look into one of those books which profess to give an account of the extraction and families of the higher classes of Great Britain ; a copy of which Eve happened to possess among a large collection of road books, *Almanachs de Gotha*, Court Guides, and other similar works that she had found it convenient to possess as a traveller.

“ Oh ! here it is,” said Grace, in the eagerness of one who is suddenly successful after a long and vexatious search.

“ Here is what, coz ?”

Grace coloured, and she could have bitten her tongue for its indiscretion, but, too ingenuous to deceive, she reluctantly told the truth.

“ I was merely looking for the account of Sir

George Templemore's family ; it is awkward to be domesticated with one of whose family we are utterly ignorant."

"Have you found the name?"

"Yes; I see he has two sisters, both of whom are married, and a brother, who is in the Guards. But—"

"But what, dear?"

"His title is not so *very* old."

"The title of no baronet is *very* old, the order itself having been instituted in the reign of James I."

"I did not know that. His ancestor was created a baronet in 1700, I see. Now, Eve—"

"Now, what, Grace?"

"We are both—" Grace would not confine the remark to herself—"we are both of older families than this! You have even a much higher English extraction, and I think I can claim for the Van Courtlandts more antiquity than one that dates from 1700!"

"No one doubts it, Grace; but what do you wish me to understand by this? Are we

to insist on preceding Sir George in going through a door?"

Grace blushed to the eyes, and yet she laughed involuntarily. "What nonsense! No one thinks of such things in America."

"Except at Washington, where, I am told, senators' ladies do give themselves airs. But you are quite right, Grace; women have no rank in America beyond their general social rank as ladies or no ladies, and we will not be the first to set an example of breaking the rule. I am afraid our blood will pass for nothing, and that we must give place to the Baronet, unless, indeed, he recognises the rights of the sex."

"You know I mean nothing so silly. Sir George Templemore does not seem to think of rank at all; even Mr. Powis treats him in all respects as an equal, and Sir George seems to admit it to be right."

Eve's maid, at the moment, was twisting her hair, with the intention to put it up, but the sudden manner in which her young mistress

turned to look at Grace, caused Annette to relinquish her grasp, and the shoulders of the beautiful and blooming girl were instantly covered again with the luxuriant tresses.

“And why should *not* Mr. Powis treat Sir George Templemore as one every way his equal, Grace?” she asked, with an impetuosity unusual in one so trained in the forms of the world.

“Why, Eve, one is a baronet, and the other is but a simple gentleman.”

Eve Effingham sat silent for a minute. Her little foot moved, though she had been carefully taught that a lady-like manner required that even this beautiful portion of the female frame ought to be quiet and unobtrusive. But America did not contain two of the same sex, years, and social condition, less alike in their opinions, or it might be said their prejudices, than the two cousins. Grace Van Courtlandt, of the best blood of her native land, had unconsciously imbibed in childhood the notion connected with hereditary rank, through the traditions of colonial manners by means of

novels, by hearing the vulgar reproached or condemned for their obtrusions and ignorance, and by the aid of her imagination, which contributed to throw a gloss and brilliancy over a state of things that singularly gains by distance. On the other hand, with Eve, everything connected with such subjects was a matter of fact. She had been thrown early into the highest associations of Europe; she had not only seen royalty on its days of gala and representation, a mere raree-show that is addressed to the senses, or purely an observance of forms that may possibly have their meaning, but which can scarcely be said to have their reasons, but she had lived long and intimately among the high-born and great; and this, too, in so many different countries as to have destroyed the influence of the particular nation that has transmitted so many of its notions to America as heir-looms. By close observation, she knew that arbitrary and political distinctions made but little difference between men of themselves, and so far from having become a dupe of the glitter of life by living so long

within its immediate influence, she had learned to discriminate between the false and the real, to perceive that which was respectable and useful, and to know it from that which was merely arbitrary and selfish. Eve actually fancied that the position of an American gentleman might readily be,—nay, that it *ought* to be—the highest of all human stations, short of that of sovereigns. Such a man had no social superior in her eyes, with the exception of those who actually ruled; and this alone she conceived rendered him more than noble, as nobility is usually graduated. She had been accustomed to see her father and John Effingham moving in the best circles of Europe, respected for their information and independence, undistinguished by their manners, admired for their personal appearance; manly, courteous, and of noble bearing and principles, if not set apart from the rest of mankind by an arbitrary rule connected with rank; rich, and possessing all the habits that properly mark refinement; of gentle extraction, of liberal attainments, walking abroad in the dignity of man-

hood, and with none between them and the Deity. Eve therefore had learned to regard the gentlemen of her race as the equals of any of their European associates in station, and as the superiors of most in everything that is essential to true distinction. With her, even titular princes and dukes had no estimation merely as princes and dukes; and as her quick mind glanced over the long catalogue of artificial social gradations, and she found Grace actually attaching an importance to the equivocal and purely conventional station of an English baronet, a strong sense of the ludicrous connected itself with the idea.

“A simple gentleman, Grace!” she repeated slowly after her cousin: “and is not a simple gentleman—a simple *American* gentleman—the equal of any gentleman—of a poor baronet in particular?”

“Poor baronet, Eve!”

“Yes, dear, poor baronet; I know fully the extent and meaning of what I say. It is true we do not know as much of Mr. Powis’s family”—and here Eve’s colour heightened, though she

made a mighty effort to be steady and unmoved—"as we might; but we know he is an *American*; that, at least, is something; and we see he is a gentleman; and what American gentleman, a real American gentleman, *can* be the inferior of an English baronet? Would your uncle, think you—would cousin Jack—proud, lofty-minded cousin Jack, think you, Grace, consent to receive so paltry a distinction as a baronetcy, were our institutions to be so far altered as to admit of such social classifications?"

"Why, what would they be, Eve, if not baronets?"

"Earls, counts, dukes,—nay, princes! These are the designations of the higher classes of Europe, and such titles, or those that are equivalent, would belong to the higher classes here."

"I fancy that Sir George Templemore would not be persuaded to admit all this!"

"If you had seen Miss Eve surrounded and admired by princes, as I have seen her, Miss Grace," said Anne Sidley, earnestly, "you

would not think any simple Sir George half good enough for her."

"Our good Nanny means *a* Sir George," interrupted Eve, laughing, "and not *the* Sir George in question. But seriously, dearest coz, it depends more upon ourselves, and less on others, in what light they are to regard us, than is commonly supposed. Do you not know that there are families in America which, if disposed to raise any objections beyond those that are purely personal, would object to baronets and the wearers of red ribbons as unfit matches for their daughters, on the ground of rank? What an absurdity would it be for *a* Sir George, or *the* Sir George either, to object to a daughter of a President of the United States, for instance, on account of station; and yet, I'll answer for it, *you* would think it no personal honour, if Mr. Jackson had a son, that he should propose to my dear father for you. Let us respect ourselves properly, take care to be truly ladies and gentlemen, and so far from titular ranks being necessary to us, we shall before long bring all such distinctions

into discredit by showing that they are not necessary to any one important interest, or to our true happiness and respectability."

"And do you not believe, Eve, that Sir George Templemore thinks of the difference in station between us?"

"I cannot answer for that," said Eve, carelessly. "The man is reasonably modest, and it is possible when he sees that we belong to the highest social condition of a great country, he may regret that such has not been his own good fortune in his native land; especially, Grace, since he has known *you*."

Grace blushed, looked pleased, delighted even, and yet surprised. It is unnecessary to explain the causes of the first three expressions of her emotions, but the last may require a short examination. Nothing but time, and a change of circumstances, can ever raise a province, or a provincial town, to the independent state of feeling that so strikingly distinguishes a metropolitan country or a capital. It would be as rational to expect that the tenants of the nursery should disregard the opinions of the

drawing-room, as to believe that the provincial should do all his own thinking. It is not surprising, therefore, that Grace Van Courtlandt, with her narrow associations, general notions of life, origin, and provincial habits, should be the very opposite of Eve in all that relates to independence of thought, on subjects like those they were now discussing. Had Grace been a native of New England even, she would have been less influenced by the mere social rank of the baronet than was actually the case; for while the population of that part of the Union feels more of the general subserviency to Great Britain than the population of any other portion of the republic, it probably feels less of it in this particular form, from the circumstance that its colonial habits were less connected with the aristocratical usages of the mother country. Grace was allied by blood, too, with the higher classes of England, as indeed was the fact with most of the old families among the New York gentry, and the traditions of her race came in aid of the traditions of her colony, to continue the profound deference she felt for an English

title. Eve might have been equally subjected to the same feelings, had she not been removed into another sphere at so early a period of life, where she imbibed the notions already mentioned—notions that were quite as effectually rooted in her moral system as those of Grace herself could be in her own.

“This is a strange way of viewing the rank of a baronet, Eve!” Grace exclaimed, as soon as she had a little recovered from the confusion caused by the personal allusion. “I greatly question if you can induce Sir George Templemore to see his own position with your eyes.”

“No, my dear, I think he will be much more likely to regard not only that, but most other things, with the eyes of another person. We will now talk of more agreeable things, however; for I confess, when I do dwell on titles, I have a taste for the more princely appellations, and that a simple *chevalier* can scarce excite a feeling—”

“Nay, Eve,” interrupted Grace with spirit,

“ an *English* Baronet is *noble*; Sir George Templemore assured me of that as lately as last evening. The heralds, I believe, have recently established that fact to their own satisfaction.”

“ I am glad of it, dear,” returned Eve, with difficulty refraining from gaping, “ as it will be of great importance to them in their own eyes. At all events, I concede that Sir George Templemore, Knight or Baronet, big baron or little baron, or rag baron, as they call it in this country, is a noble fellow; and what more can any reasonable person desire? Do you know, sweet coz, that the Wigwam will be full to overflowing next week?—that it will be necessary to light our council fire, and to smoke the pipe of many welcomes?”

“ I have learned from Mr. Powis, that his kinsman, Captain Ducie, will arrive on Monday.”

“ And Mrs. Hawker will come on Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield on Wednesday, and honest, brave, straight-forward, literati-hating, segar-smoking Captain Truck, on Thursday at

the latest. We shall be a large country circle, and I hear the gentlemen talking of the boats and other amusements. But I believe my father has a consultation in the library at which he wishes us to be present, and we will now join him, if you please."

As Eve's toilette was completed, the two ladies rose, and descended together to join the party below. Mr. Effingham was standing at a table that was covered with maps, while two or three respectable-looking men, master mechanics, were at his side. The manners of these men were quiet, civil, and respectful, combining a mixture of manly simplicity with a proper deference for the years and station of the master of the house; and yet all but one wore their hats! The one who formed the exception had become refined by a familiar intercourse with this particular family; and this acquired taste had taught him that respect for himself, as well as for others, rendered it necessary that he should observe the long-established rules of decorum in his intercourse with society. His companions, though without a particle of

coarseness, or any rudeness of intention, were less decorous, simply from a loose habit that is insensibly superseding the ancient laws of propriety in such matters, and the origin of which, it is to be feared, can be traced to certain false and impracticable political notions, that have been generated by the arts of crafty demagogues. Still, not one of these three hard-working, actually civil, and even humane men, who now stood covered in the library of Mr. Effingham, was probably conscious of the impropriety of which he was guilty; indeed, they were doing nothing more than insensibly yielding to a vicious and vulgar practice.

“ I am glad you have come, my love,” said Mr. Effingham, as his daughter entered the room, “ for I find I need support in maintaining my own opinions here. John is obstinately silent, and as for all these other gentlemen, I fear they have decidedly taken part against me.”

“ You can usually count on my support, dearest father, feeble as it may be; but what is the disputed point to-day?”

“ There is a proposition to alter the interior of the church, and our neighbour, Mr. Gouge, has brought the plans on which, as he says, he has lately altered several churches in the county. The idea is to remove the pews entirely, converting them into what are called ‘slips,’ to lower the pulpit, and to raise the floor, amphitheatre fashion.”

“ Can there be a sufficient reason for this change?” demanded Eve, with surprise. “Slips! the word has a vulgar sound even, and savours of a useless innovation. I doubt its orthodoxy.”

“ It is very popular, Miss Eve,” answered Aristobulus, advancing from a window, where he had been whispering apart. This fashion takes universally, and is beginning to prevail in all denominations.”

Eve turned involuntarily, and to her surprise she perceived that the editor of the “Active Inquirer” was added to their party. The salutations on the part of the young lady were distant and stately, while Mr. Dodge, who had not been able to resist public opinion, and had

actually parted with his mustachios, simpered, and wished to have it understood by the spectators that he was on familiar terms with all the family.

“It may be popular, Mr. Bragg,” returned Eve, as soon as she arose from her profound curtsey to Mr. Dodge, “but it can scarcely be said to be seemly. This is, indeed, changing the order of things, by elevating the sinner and depressing the saint.”

“You forget, Miss Eve, that under the old plan the people could not see; they were kept unnaturally down, if one can so express it, while nobody had a good look-out but the parson and the singers in the front row of the gallery. This was unjust.”

“I do not conceive, sir, that a ‘good look-out,’ as you term it, is at all essential to devotion, or that one cannot as well listen to instruction when beneath the teacher as when above him.”

“Pardon me, Miss,”—Eve recoiled, as she always did when Mr. Bragg used this vulgar and contemptuous mode of address,—“we put

nobody up or down; all we aim at is a just equality. We place all as nearly as possible on a level."

Eve gazed about her in wonder, and then she hesitated a moment, as if distrusting her ears.

"Equality!—equality with what? Surely not with the ordained ministers of the church in the performance of their sacred duties!—surely not with the Deity!"

"We do not look on it exactly in this light, ma'am. The people build the church; *that* you will allow, Miss Effingham,—even *you* will allow *this*, Mr. Effingham."

Both the parties appealed to bowed a simple assent to so plain a proposition, but neither spoke.

"Well, the people building the church very naturally ask themselves for what purpose it was built?"

"For the worship of God," returned Eve, with a steady solemnity, that a little abashed even the ordinarily indomitable and self-satisfied Aristobulus.

“ Yes, Miss, for the worship of God and the accommodation of the public.”

“ Certainly,” added Mr. Dodge, “ for the public accommodation and for public worship,” laying an emphasis on the adjective in both cases.

“ Father, *you*, at least, will never consent to this !”

“ Not readily, my love. I confess it shocks all my notions of propriety to see the sinner, even when he professes to be the most humble and penitent, thrust himself up ostentatiously, as if filled with his own self-love and self-importance.”

“ You will allow, Mr. Effingham,” rejoined Aristobulus, “ that churches are built to accommodate the public, as Mr. Dodge has so well remarked.”

“ No, sir ; they are built for the worship of God, as my daughter has so well remarked.”

“ Yes, sir, that *too*, I grant you.”

“ For the public convenience also, as secondary to the main object, Mr. Bragg unquestionably means,” observed John Effingham, speaking

for the first time that morning on the subject, and with his usual point.

Eve turned round quickly, and looked towards her kinsman. He was standing near the table with folded arms, while his fine face expressed all the sarcasm and contempt that a countenance so singularly calm and gentlemanlike could betray.

“Cousin Jack,” she said earnestly, “this ought not to be!”

“Cousin Eve, nevertheless, this *will* be.”

“Surely not—surely not! men can never so far forget appearances as to convert the temple of God into a theatre, in which the convenience of the spectators is the one great object to be kept in view!”

“*You* have travelled, sir,” said John Effingham, indicating by his eye that he addressed Mr. Dodge in particular, “and must have entered places of worship in other parts of the world. Did not the simple beauty of the manner in which all classes, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, kneel in a common humility before the altar, strike you

agreeably on such occasions, in Catholic countries in particular ?”

“ Bless me, no, Mr. John Effingham. I was disgusted with the meannesses of their rites, and really shocked at the abject manner in which the people knelt on the cold damp stones, as if they were no better than beggars.”

“ And were they not beggars ?” asked Eve, with almost a severity of tone. “ Ought they not so to consider themselves when petitioning for mercy from the one great and omnipotent God ?”

“ Why, Miss Effingham, the people *will* rule, and it is useless to pretend to tell *them* that they shall not have the highest seats in the church, as well as in the state. Really, I can see no ground why a parson should be raised above his parishioners. The new-order churches consult the public convenience, and place everybody on a level, as it might be; now, in old times, a family was buried in its pew; it could neither see nor be seen, and I can remember when I could just get a look of our clergyman’s wig; for he was an old school

man, and, as for his fellow creatures, one might as well be praying in his own closet. I must say I am a supporter of liberty, if it be only in pews."

"I am sorry, Mr. Dodge," answered Eve, more mildly, "you did not extend your travels into the countries of the Mussulmauns, where most Christian sects might get some useful notions concerning that part of worship, at least, that is connected with appearances. There you would have seen *no* seats, but sinners bowing down in a mass on the cold stones, and all thoughts of cushioned pews and drawing-room conveniences unknown. We Protestants have not improved on our Catholic forefathers in this respect, and the innovation of which you now speak, in my eyes, is an irreverent, almost a sinful invasion, of the properties of the temple."

"Ah, Miss Eve, this comes from substituting forms for the essence of things!" exclaimed the editor. "For my part, I can say I was truly shocked with the extravagances I witnessed in the way of worship in most of

the countries I visited. Would you think it, Mr. Bragg,—rational beings, real *bonâ fide* living men and women, kneeling on the pavements like so many camels in the desert ready to receive the burthens of their masters?”—Mr. Dodge loved to draw his images from the different parts of the world he had seen.—“Not a pew, not a cushion, not a single comfort that is suitable to a free and intelligent being, but everything conducted in the most abject manner, as if accountable human souls were no better than so many mutes in a Turkish palace.”

“You ought to mention this in the ‘Active Inquirer,’” said Aristobulus.

“All in good time, sir; I have many things in reserve, among which I propose to give a few remarks—I dare say they will be very worthless ones—on the impropriety of a rational being *ever* kneeling. To my notion, gentlemen and ladies, God never intended an American to kneel.”

The respectable mechanics who stood around the table did not absolutely assent to this

proposition, for one of them actually remarked, that "he saw no great harm in a man's kneeling to the Deity," but they evidently inclined to the opinion that the new school of pews was far better than the old.

"It always appears to me, Miss Effingham," said one, "that I hear and understand the sermon better in one of the low pews, than in one of the old high-back things that look so much like pounds."

"But can you withdraw into yourself better, sir?—Can you more truly devote all your thoughts with a suitable singleness of heart to the worship of God?"

"You mean in the prayers now, I rather conclude?"

"Certainly, sir, I mean in the prayers and thanksgivings."

"Why, we leave *them* pretty much to the parson; though, I will own that it is not quite as easy leaning on the edge of one of the new school-pews as on one of the old. They are better for sitting, but not so good for leaning; but then the sitting posture at prayers is quite

coming into favour among our people, Miss Effingham, as well as among yours. The sermon is the main chance, after all."

"Yes," observed Mr. Gouge; "give me good stirring preaching any day in preference to good praying. A man may get along with second-rate prayers, but he stands in need of first-rate preaching."

"These gentlemen consider religion a little like a cordial on a cold day," observed John Effingham, "which is to be taken in sufficient doses to make the blood circulate. They are not the men to be *pounded* in pews like lost sheep,—not they."

"Mr. John will always have his say," one remarked, and then Mr. Effingham dismissed the party by telling them he would think of the matter.

When the mechanics were gone, the subject was discussed at some length between those that remained, all the Effinghams agreeing that they would oppose the innovation as irreverent in appearance, unsuited to the retirement and self-abasement that best comported with prayer,

and opposed to the delicacy of their own habits; while Messrs. Bragg and Dodge contended to the last, that such changes were loudly called for by the popular sentiment, that it was unsuited to the dignity of a man to be pounded even in a church, and, virtually, that a good stirring sermon, as they called it, was of far more account in public worship than all the prayers and praises that could issue from the heart or throat.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ We’ll follow Cade—we’ll follow Cade.”

MOB.

“ THE views of this Mr. Bragg, and of our old fellow-traveller, Mr. Dodge, on the subject of religious forms, appear to be peculiar,” observed Sir George Templemore, as he descended the little lawn before the Wigwam, in company with the three ladies, Paul Powis, and John Effingham, on their way to the lake. “ I should think it would be difficult to find another Christian who objects to kneeling at prayer.”

“ Therein you are mistaken, Templemore,” answered Paul, “ for this country, to say nothing of one particular sect which holds it in pious horror, is filled with such worshippers. Our worthy ancestors, like all neophytes, ran

into extremes on the subject of forms, as well as in other matters. When you go to Philadelphia, Miss Effingham, you will see an instance of a most ludicrous nature—ludicrous, if there were not something painfully revolting mingled with it—of the manner in which men can strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, and which, I am sorry to say, is immediately connected with our own church.”

It was music to Eve’s ears to hear Paul Powis speak of his worthy ancestors “as having been Americans,” and to find him so thoroughly identifying himself with her own native land; for, while condemning so many of its practices, and so much alive to its absurdities and contradictions, our heroine had seen too much of other countries not to take an honest pride in the real excellences of her own. There was also a soothing pleasure in hearing him openly own that he belonged to that church which she herself so deeply revered.

“And what is there so ridiculous in Philadelphia in particular, and in connection with

our own church?" she asked. "I am not easily disposed to find fault when the venerable church is concerned."

"You know that the Protestants, in their horror of idolatry, discontinued, in a great degree, the use of the cross as an outward religious symbol, and that there was probably a time when not a single cross could be seen in the whole of a country that was inhabited by those who made the profession of love for Christ, and a dependence on his expiation, the great business of their lives."

"Certainly, we all know that our predecessors were a little over rigid and scrupulous on all the points connected with outward appearances."

"They certainly contrived to render religious rites as little pleasing to the senses as possible, by aiming at a sublimation that peculiarly favours spiritual pride and a pious conceit. I do not know whether travelling has had the same effect on you as it has produced on me, but I find all my inherited antipathies to the mere visible representation

of the cross superseded by a sort of solemn affection for it as a symbol, more particularly when it is plain, and unaccompanied by any of those bloody and minute accessories that are so often seen around it in Catholic countries. The German Protestants, who usually ornament the altar with a cross, first cured me of the disrelish I had imbibed for such things in childhood."

"We also, I think, cousin John, were agreeably struck with the same usage in Germany. From feeling a species of nervousness at the sight of a cross I came to love to see it, and I think you must have undergone a similar change, for I have discovered no less than two among the ornaments of the great window of the entrance tower at the Wigwam."

"You might have discovered one also in every door of the building, whether great or small, young lady. Our worthy ancestors, as Powis calls them, much of whose piety, by the way, was anything but ameliorated by spiritual humility or Christian charity, were

such ignoramuses as to set up crosses in every door they built, even while they veiled their eyes in holy horror whenever the sacred symbol was seen in a church."

"Every door!" exclaimed all the Protestants of the party.

"Yea, in every door, I might almost say; certainly in every panelled door that was constructed twenty years since. I first discovered the secret of our blunder when visiting a castle in France, that dated back the time of the crusades. It was a *chateau* of the Montmorencies, that had passed into the hands of the *Condé* family by marriage, and the courtly old domestic who showed me the curiosities, pointed out the stone crosses in the windows, which have caused the latter to be called *croisées*, as a pious usage of the crusaders. Turning to a door, I saw the same crosses in the wooden stiles, and if you cast an eye at the first humble door that you may pass in this village, you will detect the same symbol staring you boldly in the face, in the very heart of a population that

would almost expire at the thought of placing such a sign of the beast, as they term it, on their threshold."

The whole party expressed their surprise, but the first door they passed corroborated this account, and proved the accuracy of John Effingham's statements. Catholic zeal and ingenuity could not have wrought more accurate symbols of this peculiar sign of the sect, and yet here they stood staring every passenger in the face, as if mocking the ignorant and exaggerated pretension which would lay undue stress on the minor points of a religion, the essence of which was faith and humility.

"And the Philadelphia church," said Eve quickly, so soon as curiosity was satisfied on the subject of the doors. "I am now more impatient than ever to learn what silly blunder we have also committed there."

"Impious would almost be a better term," Paul answered. "The only church spire that existed for half a century in that town is surmounted by a *mitre*, while the *cross* was studiously rejected!"

A silence followed, for there is often more true argument in simply presenting the facts of a case than in all the rhetoric and logic that could be urged in the way of auxiliaries. Every one saw the egregious folly, not to say presumption, of the mistake, and, at the moment, every one wondered how a common-sense community could have committed it. We are mistaken; there was one exception to the general feeling in the person of Sir George Templemore. To his church-and-state notions, and anti-catholic prejudices, which were quite as much political as religious, there was everything that was proper, and nothing that was wrong, in rejecting a cross for a mitre.

“The church, no doubt, was Episcopal, Powis,” he remarked; “and if it was not Roman, what better symbol than the mitre could be chosen?”

“Now I reflect, it is not so very strange,” said Grace hastily, “for you will remember, Mr. Effingham, that Protestants attach the idea of idolatry to the cross, as it is used by Catholics.”

“And of bishops, peers in parliament, church and state, to a mitre!”

“Yes, but the church in question I have seen, and it was erected before the war of the revolution; it was an English rather than an American church.”

“It was indeed an English rather than an American church, and Templemore is very right to defend it, mitre and all.”

“I dare say a bishop officiated at its altar?”

“I dare say—nay, I know he did, and I will add, he would rather that the mitre were two hundred feet in the air than down on his own simple, white-haired, apostolical looking head. But enough of divinity for the morning; yonder is Tom with the boats—let us to our oars.”

The party were now on the little rude wharf that served as a village landing, and the boatman referred to lay off, in waiting for the arrival of his fare. Instead of requiring his services however, the man was dismissed, the gentlemen preferring to handle the oars themselves. Aquatic excursions were of constant occur-

rence in the warm months on that beautifully limpid sheet of water, and it was the practice to dispense with the regular boatmen whenever good oarsmen were to be found among the company.

As soon as the light buoyant skiff was brought to the side of the wharf, the whole party embarked ; when Paul and the baronet, taking the oars, by dint of vigorous exertion, soon urged the boat from the shore.

“ This world is really getting to be too confined for the adventurous spirit of the age,” said Sir George, as he and his companion pulled leisurely along, taking the direction of the eastern shore, beneath the forest-clad cliffs, towards which the ladies had expressed a wish to be rowed : “ here are Powis and myself actually rowing together on a mountain lake of America, after having boated as companions on the coast of Africa and on the margin of the great Desert. Polynesia and Terra Australia may yet see us in company as hardy cruisers.”

“ The spirit of the age is, indeed, working

wonders in the way you mean," said John Effingham. "Countries of which our fathers merely read are getting to be as familiar as our own houses to their sons; and, as you justly observe, one can hardly foresee to what a pass of adventure the generation or two that will follow us may not reach."

"*Vraiment, c'est fort extraordinaire de se trouver sur un lac Americain!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville.

"More extraordinary than to find one's self on a Swiss lake, think you, my dear Mademoiselle Viefville?"

"*Non, non; mais tout aussi extraordinaire pour une Parisienne!*"

"I am now about to introduce you,—Mr. John Effingham and Miss Van Courtlandt excepted,"—Eve continued, "to the wonders and curiosities of our lake and region. There, near the small house that is erected over a spring of delicious water, stood the hut of Natty Bumppo, once known throughout all these mountains as a renowned hunter, a man who had the simplicity of a woodsman, the

heroism of a savage, the faith of a Christian, and the feelings of a poet. A better than he, after his fashion, seldom lived."

"We have all heard of him," cried the baronet, looking round curiously, "and must feel an interest in what concerns so brave and just a man. I would I could see his counterpart."

"Alas!" said John Effingham, "the days of the 'Leather-stockings' have passed away. He preceded me in life, and I see few remains of his character in a region where speculation is more rife than morality, and emigrants are more plentiful than hunters. Natty probably chose that spot for his hut on account of the vicinity of the spring; is it not so, Miss Effingham?"

"He did; and yonder little fountain that you see gushing from the thicket, and which comes glancing like diamonds into the lake, is called 'Fairy Spring' by some flight of poetry that, like so many of our feelings, must have been imported, for I see no connection between the name and the character

of the country, fairies having never been known, even by tradition, in Otsego."

The boat now came under a shore where the trees fringed the very water, frequently overhanging the element that mirrored their fantastic forms. At this point a light skiff was moving leisurely along in their own direction, a short distance in advance. On a hint from John Effingham, a few vigorous strokes from the oars brought the two boats near each other.

"This is the flag-ship," half whispered John Effingham, as they came near the other skiff, "containing no less a man than the 'Commodore.' Formerly, the chief of the Lake was an Admiral, but that was in a time when, being nearer to the monarchy, we retained some of the European terms; but now no man rises higher than a Commodore in America, whether it be on the ocean or on the Otsego, whatever may be his merits or his services.—A charming day, Commodore. I rejoice to see you still afloat, in your glory."

The Commodore, a tall, thin, athletic man

of seventy, with a white head, yet in his movements as active as a boy, had scarcely glanced at the approaching boat before he was thus saluted by the well-known voice of John Effingham. He now turned his head, however, and scanning the whole party through a pair of spectacles, he smiled good-naturedly, made a flourish with one hand, while he continued paddling with the other, for he stood erect and straight in the stern of his skiff, and answered heartily—

“A fine morning, Mr. John, and the right time of the moon for boating. This is not a real scientific day for the fish perhaps, but I have just come out to see that all the points and bays are in their right places.”

“How is it, Commodore, that the water near the village is less limpid than common, and that even up here we see so many specks floating on its surface?”

“What a question for Mr. John Effingham to ask on his native water! So much for travelling in far countries, where a man forgets quite as much as he learns, I fear.”

Here the Commodore turned round, and raising an open hand in an oratorical manner, he added,—“You must know, ladies and gentlemen, that the lake is in blow.”

“In blow, Commodore! I did not know that the water had its blossoms like the plants.”

“It does, sir, nevertheless; ay, Mr. John, and its fruits too; but the last must be dug for by those who have the knack. There have been no miraculous draughts of fishes of late years in the Otsego, ladies and gentlemen; but it needs the scientific touch and the knowledge of baits to get a fin of any of your true game above the water, now-a-days. Well, I have had the head of the sogdollager thrice in the open air in my time, though I am told the Admiral actually got hold of him once with his hand.”

“The sogdollager!” said Eve, much amused with the singularities of the man, whom she perfectly remembered to have been commander of the lake, even in her own infancy; “we must be indebted to you for an expla-

nation of that term, as well as for the meaning of your allusions to the head and to the open air."

"A sogdollager, young lady, is the perfection of a thing. I know Mr. Grant, when he was alive, used to say there was no such word in the dictionary; but then there are many words that ought to be in the dictionaries, which have been forgotten by the printers. In the way of salmon-trout, the sogdollager is their commodore. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I should not like to tell you all I know about the patriarch of this lake, for you would scarcely believe me; but if he would not weigh a hundred when cleaned, there is not an ox in the country that will weigh a pound on its legs!"

"You say you have had his head above water?" said John Effingham.

"Thrice, Mr. John; the first time was thirty years ago; and I confess I lost him on that occasion by want of science, for the art is not learned in a day. I had then followed the business only for ten years. The se-

cond time was five years later, and I had then been fishing expressly for the old gentleman about a month. For near a minute it was a matter of dispute between us whether he should come out of the lake, or I go into it; but I actually got his gills in plain sight. That was a glorious haul! Washington did not feel better the night Cornwallis surrendered, than I felt on that great occasion!"

"One never knows the feelings of another, it seems. I should have thought disappointment at the loss would have been the prevailing sentiment on that great occasion, as you so justly term it."

"So it would have been, Mr. John, with an unscientific fisherman, but we experienced hands know better. Glory is to be measured by quality, and not by quantity, ladies and gentlemen; and I look on it as a greater feather in a man's cap, to see the sogdollar's head above water for half a minute than to bring home a skiff filled with pickerel. The last time I had a look at the old gen-

tleman, I did not try to get him into the boat, but we sat and conversed for nearly two minutes, he in the water and I in the skiff."

"Conversed!" exclaimed Eve, "and with a fish too!—What could the animal have to say?"

"Why, young lady, a fish can talk as well as one of ourselves: the only difficulty is to understand what he says. I have heard the old settlers say, that the Leather-stocking used to talk for hours at a time with the animals of the forest, and even with the trees."

"You knew the Leather-stocking, Commodore?"

"No, young lady, I am sorry to say I never had the pleasure of looking at him, even. He *was* a great man! They may talk of their Jeffersons and Jacksons, but I set down Washington and Natty Bumppo as the two only really great men of my time."

"What do you think of Bonaparte, Commodore?" inquired Paul.

"Well, sir, Bonaparte had some strong points about him, I do really believe; but he

would have been nothing to the Leather-stocking in the woods! It's no great matter, young gentlemen, to be a great man among your inhabitants of cities,—what I call umbrella people. Why, Natty was almost as great with the spear as with the rifle, though I own I never heard that he got a sight of the sogdollager."

"We shall meet again this summer, Commodore," said John Effingham; "the ladies now wish to hear the echoes, and we must leave you."

"All very natural, Mr. John," returned the Commodore laughing, and again flourishing his hand in his own peculiar manner. "The women all love to hear these echoes, for they are not often satisfied with what they have once said, but like to have it over again. I never knew a lady come on the Otsego water, but one of the first things she did was to get paddled up to the Speaking Rocks, to have a chat with herself. They come out in great numbers sometimes, and then all talk at once, in a way to confuse the

echo. I suppose you have heard, young lady, the opinion people have now got concerning these voices?"

"I cannot say I have ever heard more than that they are some of the most perfect echoes known," answered Eve, turning round so as to face the old man, while the skiff of the party passed that of the veteran fisherman.

"Some people maintain there is no such thing as an echo at all, and that the sounds we hear come from the spirit of the Leatherstocking, which keeps about its old haunts, and repeats everything we say, in mockery of our ignorance, and as a taunt for our invasion of the woods. I do not say this notion is true, or that it is my own; but we all know that Natty did dislike to see a new settler arrive in the mountains, and that he loved a tree as much as a musk-rat loves water. They show a tree up here on the side of the Vision, which he notched at every new comer until it reached seventeen, when his honest old heart could go no farther, and he gave the matter up in despair."

“This is so poetical, Commodore, that it is a pity it cannot be true. I like this explanation of the mystery of the ‘Speaking Rocks’ much better than that implied by the name of ‘Fairy Spring.’”

“You are quite right, young lady,” exclaimed the fisherman, as the boats separated still further; “there never was any fairy known in Otsego; but the time has been when we *could* boast of a Natty Bumppo.”

Here the Commodore flourished his hand again, and Eve nodded her adieu. The skiff of the party continued to pull slowly along the fringed shore, occasionally sheering more into the lake to avoid some overhanging and nearly horizontal tree, and then returning so closely to the land as barely to clear the pebbles of the narrow strand with the oar. Eve thought she had never beheld a more wild or beautifully variegated foliage than that which the whole leafy mountain-side presented. More than half of the forest of tall, solemn pines, that had veiled the earth when the country was first settled, had already

disappeared ; but, agreeably to one of those unintelligible laws by which Nature governs all things, a vigorous second-growth, that included nearly every variety of the American woods, had shot up in their places. The rich Rembrandt-like young hemlocks, in particular, were perfectly beautiful, contrasting with the livelier tints of the various deciduous trees. Here and there some flowering shrub rendered the picture gay, while masses of the rich chestnut, in blossom, lay in clouds of natural glory among the dark tops of the pines.

The gentlemen pulled the light skiff fully a mile under this overhanging foliage, occasionally frightening some migratory bird from a branch, or a water-fowl from the narrow strand. At length John Effingham desired them to cease rowing, and managing the skiff for a minute or two with the paddle with which he had been steering, he desired the whole party to look up, announcing to them that they were beneath the "silent pine."

A common exclamation of pleasure succeed-

ed the upward glance, for it is seldom that any tree is seen to more advantage than that which immediately attracted every eye. The pine stood on the bank, with its roots embedded in the earth, a few feet higher than the level of the lake, but in such a situation as to bring the distance above the water into the apparent height of the tree. Like all of its kind that grow in the dense forests of America, its size had been increasing for a thousand years, and it now stood in solitary glory, a memorial of what the mountains, which were yet so rich in vegetation, had really been in their days of pride. For nearly a hundred feet above the eye the even round trunk was branchless, and then commenced the dark green masses of foliage, which clung around the stem like smoke when ascending in wreaths. The tall column-like tree had inclined towards the light, when struggling among its fellows, and it now so far overhung the lake, that its summit may have been some ten or fifteen feet without the base. A gentle graceful curve added to the effect of this variation from the perpendicular,

and combined just enough of the fearful with the grand to render the picture sublime. Although there was not a breath of wind on the lake, the currents were sufficiently strong above the forest to move this lofty object, and it was possible to detect a slight, graceful yielding of the very uppermost boughs to the passing air.

“This pine is ill named,” said Sir George Templemore, “for it is the most eloquent tree eye of mine has ever looked on!”

“It is indeed eloquent,” answered Eve; “one hears it speak even now of the fierce storms that have raged around its top, of the seasons that have passed since it extricated that verdant cap from the throng of sisters that grew beneath it, and of all that has passed on the Otsego water, when this limpid lake lay a gem embedded in the forest. When the Conqueror first landed in England, this tree stood on the spot where it now stands! Here, then, is at least an American antiquity!”

“A true and regulated taste, Miss Effingham,” said Paul, “has pointed out to you one of the real charms of the country. Were we

to think less of our artificial, and more of our natural excellences, we should render ourselves less liable to criticism."

Eve was never inattentive when Paul spoke, and her colour heightened as he paid this compliment to her taste, but still her soft blue eye was riveted on the pine.

"Silent it may be in one respect, but it is indeed all eloquence in another," she resumed, with a fervour that was not lessened by Paul's remark. "That little crest of verdure, which resembles a plume of feathers, speaks of a thousand things to the imagination."

"I have never known a person of any poetry come under this tree," said John Effingham, "without falling into this very train of thought. I once brought a man celebrated for his genius here, and after gazing intensely for a minute or two at the high green tuft that tops the tree, he exclaimed, 'That mass of green waved in the fierce light when Columbus first ventured into the unknown sea!' It is, indeed, an eloquent tree, for it tells the same glowing tale to all who ap-

proach it—a tale fraught with feeling and recollections.”

“And yet its silence is, after all, its eloquence,” added Paul; “and the name is not so misapplied as one might at first think.”

“It has probably obtained its name from some fancied contrast to the garrulous rocks that lie up yonder, half concealed by the forest. If you will ply the oars, gentlemen, we will now hold a little communion with the spirit of the Leather-stocking.”

The young men complied, and in about ten minutes the skiff was pulled off into a situation, at the distance of fifty rods from the shore, where the whole mountain side was at one glance exposed to view. Here they lay on their oars, and John Effingham called out to the rocks a “good morning” in a clear, distinct voice. The mocking sounds were thrown back with such a marked resemblance and clearness of tone as actually startled the novices. Then followed other calls, and other repetitions of the echoes, in which the latter did not lose the most minute intonation of the voice.

“This actually surpasses the celebrated echoes of the Rhine,” cried the delighted Eve; “for though those give the strains of the bugle so clearly, I do not think they answer to the voice with so much fidelity.”

“You are very right, Eve,” replied her kinsman; “I can recall no place where so perfect and accurate an echo is to be heard as at these Speaking Rocks. By increasing our distance to half a mile, and using a bugle, as I well know from actual experiment, we should get back entire passages of an air. The interval between the sound and the echo, too, would be distinct, and would give time for our undivided attention. Whatever may be said of the pine, these rocks are aptly named, and if the spirit of Leather-stocking has any concern with the matter, his is, indeed, a mocking spirit.”

John Effingham now looked at his watch, and then explained to the party a pleasure he had in store for them. On a sort of small public promenade that lay at the point where the river flowed out of the lake, stood a rude shell of a building that was called the “gun-

house." Here, a speaking picture of the entire security of the country from foes within as well as from foes without, were kept two or three pieces of artillery, with doors so open that any one might enter the building, or even use the guns at will, although they properly belonged to an organized corps of the state. One of these guns had been sent a short distance down the valley, and John Effingham informed his companions that they might momentarily expect its reports to arouse the slumbering echoes of the mountains. He was still speaking when the gun was fired, its muzzle being turned eastward. The sound first reached the side of the Vision abreast of the village, whence the reverberations reissued, and passed, rolling along the range, from cave to cave, cliff to cliff, and wood to wood, until they were lost like distant thunder, two or three leagues to the northward. The experiment was thrice repeated, and always with the same magnificent effect, the western mountains actually re-echoing the echoes of the eastern hills like the dying strains of some fearful music.

“Such a locality would be a treasure in the vicinity of a melo-dramatic theatre,” said Paul, smiling, “for certainly no artificial thunder which I have ever heard has equalled this! A sheet of water like this might even receive a gondola.”

“And I fear one accustomed to the boundless horizon of the ocean might in time weary of it,” answered John Effingham significantly.

Paul protested earnestly to the contrary, and the party rowed away in silence.

“Yonder is the spot where we have so long been accustomed to resort for pic-nics,” said Eve, pointing out a lovely point that was beautifully shaded by noble old oaks, and on which stood a rudely constructed house that was much dilapidated, and, indeed, injured by the hands of man. John Effingham smiled as his cousin showed the place to her companions, promising them an early and a nearer view of its beauties.

“By the way, Miss Effingham,” he said, “I suppose you flatter yourself with being the heiress of that desirable retreat?”

“It is very natural that, at some day, though I trust a very distant one, I should succeed to that which belongs to my dear father.”

“Both natural and legal, my fair coz, but you are to learn there is a power that threatens to rise up and dispute your claims.”

“What power — human power, at least, can dispute the lawful claims of an owner to his property? That point has been ours ever since civilized man has dwelt in these hills; who will presume to rob us of it?”

“You will be much surprised to discover that there is such a power, and that there is actually a disposition to exercise it. The public, the all-powerful, omnipotent, over-ruling, law-making, law-breaking public, has a passing caprice to possess itself of your beloved point, and Ned Effingham must show unusual energy to prevent the attainment of it.”

“This can hardly be serious, cousin Jack?”

“As serious as the magnitude of the subject can render a responsible being, as Mr. Dodge would say.”

Eve said no more, but she looked vexed, and remained silent until they landed, when she hastened to seek her father, with a view to communicate what she had just heard. Mr. Effingham listened to his daughter, as he always did, with tender interest, and when she had done, he kissed her glowing cheek, bidding her not to believe that as a possible occurrence which she seemed so seriously to dread.

“But cousin John would not trifle with me on such a subject, father,” Eve continued. “He knows how much I prize all these little heir-looms that are connected with the affections.”

“We can inquire further into the affair, my child, if it be your desire: ring for Pierre, if you please.”

Pierre answered the bell, and a message was sent to Mr. Bragg, requiring his presence in the library. Aristobulus appeared by no means in the best humour, for he greatly disliked being omitted in the late excursion on the lake, fancying that he had a community-right to share in all his neighbours' amuse-

ments, though he had sufficient self-command to conceal his feelings.

“ I wish to know, sir,” Mr. Effingham commenced without introduction, “ whether there can be any mistake concerning the ownership of the fishing point on the west side of the lake ?”

“ Certainly not, sir; it belongs to the public.”

Mr. Effingham’s cheek glowed, and he looked astonished; but he remained calm.

“ The public! Do you gravely affirm, Mr. Bragg, that the public pretend to claim that point ?”

“ Claim! Mr. Effingham; as long as I have resided in this county, I have never heard their right disputed.”

“ Your residence in this county, sir, is not of very ancient date, and it is very possible that you may be mistaken. I feel some curiosity to know in what manner the public have acquired their title to the spot. You are a lawyer, Mr. Bragg, and may give an intelligible account of it.”

“Why, sir, your father gave it to them in his lifetime. Everybody, in all this region, will tell you as much as this.”

“Do you suppose, Mr. Bragg, there is anybody in all this region who will swear to that fact? Proof, you well know, is very requisite even to obtain justice.”

“I much question, sir, if there be anybody in all this region that will not swear to the fact. It is the common tradition of the whole county; and to be frank with you, sir, there is a little displeasure abroad, because Mr. John Effingham has talked of giving private entertainments on it.”

“This then only shows how idly and inconsiderately the traditions of the county take their rise. But, as I wish to understand all the points of the case, do me the favour to walk into the village, and inquire of those whom you think the best informed in the matter what they know of the Point, in order that I may regulate my course accordingly. Be particular, if you please, on the subject of title, as one would not wish to move in the dark.”

Aristobulus quitted the house immediately, and Eve, perceiving that things were in the right train, left her father alone to meditate on what had just passed. Mr. Effingham walked up and down his library for some time, much disturbed; for the spot in question was identified with all his early feelings and recollections, and if there were a foot of land on earth to which he was more attached than to all others, next to his immediate residence, it was this. He could not conceal from himself, moreover, in despite of his opposition to John Effingham's sarcasms, that his native country had undergone many changes since he last resided in it, and that some of them were evidently for the worse. The spirit of misrule was abroad, and the lawless and unprincipled had recourse to bold language when their object was intimidation. As he ran over in his mind, however, the facts of the case, and the nature of his right, he smiled to think that any one should contest it, and sat down to his writing, almost forgetting that there had been any question at all on the unpleasant subject.

Aristobulus was absent several hours, nor did he return until Mr. Effingham was dressed for dinner, and again alone in the library, having absolutely lost all recollection of the commission he had given his agent.

“It is as I told you, sir; the public insist that the Point is common property, and I feel it my duty to say, Mr. Effingham, that the public are determined to maintain their claim.”

“Then, Mr. Bragg, it is proper I should tell the public that they are *not* the owners of the Point, but that *I* am its owner, and that I am determined to maintain *my* claim.”

“It is hard to kick against the pricks, Mr. Effingham.”

“It is so, sir, as will be shown, if the public persevere in invading a private right.”

“Why, sir, some of those with whom I have conversed have gone so far as to desire me to tell you—I trust my motive will not be mistaken—”

“If you have any communication to make, Mr. Bragg, do it without reserve. It is proper that I should know the truth exactly.”

“ -Well, then, sir, I am the bearer of something like a defiance; the people wish you to know that they hold your right cheaply, and that they laugh at it. Not to mince matters, they defy you.”

“ I thank you for this frankness, Mr. Bragg, and it increases my respect for your character. Affairs are now at such a pass that it is necessary to act. If you will amuse yourself with a book for a moment, I shall have further occasion for your kindness.”

Aristobulus did not read, for he was too much filled with wonder at seeing a man so coolly set about contending with that awful public, to which he himself as habitually deferred as an Asiatic slave defers to his monarch: indeed, nothing but his being sustained by that omnipotent power, for such he considered the power of the public to be, had emboldened him to speak so openly to his employer; for Aristobulus felt a secret confidence that, right or wrong, it was always safe in America to make the most fearless professions in favour of the great body of the community. In the mean

time Mr. Effingham wrote a simple advertisement against trespassing on the property in question, and handed it to the other, with a request that he would have it inserted in the number of the village paper that was to appear next morning. Mr. Bragg took the advertisement, and went to execute the duty without comment.

The evening arrived before Mr. Effingham was again alone, when being by himself in the library once more, Mr. Bragg entered, quite full of his subject. He was followed by John Effingham, who had acquired some knowledge of what had taken place.

“I regret to say, Mr. Effingham,” Aristobulus commenced, “that your advertisement has created one of the greatest sensations it has ever been my ill-fortune to witness in Templeton.”

“All of which ought to be very encouraging to us, Mr. Bragg, as people acting under excited feelings are very liable to fall into error.”

“Very true, sir, as regards individual

excitements, but this is a public excitement."

"I am not at all aware that this fact in the least alters the case. If one excited man is apt to do silly things, half a dozen backers will be very likely to increase his folly."

Aristobulus listened with increasing wonder, for excitement was one of the means of effecting public objects, so much practised by men of his habits, that it had never crossed his mind that any single individual could be indifferent to its existence. To admit the truth, he had anticipated so much unpopularity from his unavoidable connection with this affair, as to have contributed himself in producing this very excitement, with the hope of "choking Mr. Effingham off," as he had elegantly expressed it to one of his intimates, in the vernacular language of the country.

"A public excitement is a powerful engine, Mr. Effingham," he exclaimed in a sort of politically pious horror.

"I am fully aware, sir, that it may be even

a fearfully powerful engine. Excited men, acting in masses, compose what are commonly called mobs, and have committed a thousand excesses and crimes."

"Your advertisement is to the last degree disrelished; to be very sincere, it is awfully unpopular!"

"I suppose it is always what you term an unpopular act, so far as the individuals opposed are concerned, to resist aggression?"

"But they call your advertisement aggression, sir."

"In that simple fact exist all the merits of the question. If I am the rightful owner of this property, the public, or that portion of them which is connected with this affair, are aggressors; and so much the more in the wrong that they are many against one. If *they* can legally claim it, I am not only very wrong, but very indiscreet."

The calmness with which Mr. Effingham spoke had an effect on Aristobulus, and for a moment he was staggered. It was only for a moment, however, as the pains and penalties

of unpopularity presented themselves afresh to his imagination, which had been so long accustomed to study popular caprice, that he ultimately considered the public favour as the one great good of life.

“But *they* affirm that *they* own the Point, Mr. Effingham.”

“And *I* say they do *not* own the Point, Mr. Bragg—never *did* own it—and, with my consent, never *shall* own it.”

“This is purely a matter of fact,” observed John Effingham, “and I confess I am curious to know how or whence this potent public derive their title. You are lawyer enough, Mr. Bragg, to know that the public can hold property only by use, or by especial statute. Now, under which title does this claim present itself?”

“First by use, sir, and then by especial gift.”

“The use, you are aware, must be adverse, or as opposed to the title of the other claimants. Now I am a living witness that my late uncle *permitted* the public to use this Point, and that the public accepted the con-

ditions. Its use, therefore, has not been adverse, or, at least, not for a time sufficient to constitute a title. Every hour that my cousin has *permitted* the public to enjoy his property, adds to his right, as well as to the obligation conferred on that public, and increases the duty of the latter to abandon their intrusion whenever he may desire it. If there is an especial gift, as I understand you to say, from my late uncle, there must also be a law to enable the public to hold the property, or a trustee : which is the fact ?”

“ I admit, Mr. John Effingham, that I have seen neither deed nor law, and I doubt if the latter exist. Still the public *must* have some claim, for it is impossible that everybody should be mistaken.”

“ Nothing is easier, nor anything more common, than for entire communities to be mistaken, and the more particularly when they commence with ‘ excitement.’ ”

While his cousin was speaking, Mr. Effingham went to a secretaire, and taking out a large bundle of papers, he laid it down on

the table, and proceeded to unfold several parchment deeds, to which massive seals, bearing the arms of the late colony, as well as those of England, were appended.

“Here are my title deeds, sir,” he said, addressing Aristobulus pointedly; “if the public are in possession of better, let them be produced, and I shall at once submit to their claim.”

“No one doubts that the king, through his authorized agent, the governor of the colony of New York, granted this estate to your predecessor, Mr. Effingham, or that it descended legally to your immediate parent; but all contend that he voluntarily surrendered this spot to the community as a place of public resort.”

“I am glad that the question is narrowed down within limits that are so easily examined. What evidence is there of this intention on the part of my late father?”

“Common report; I have talked with twenty people in the village, and they all agree that the ‘Point’ has been used by the public, as public property, from time immemorial.”

“Will you be so good, Mr. Bragg, as to name some of those who affirm this?”

Mr. Bragg complied, naming the number of persons he had mentioned with a readiness that proved he thought he was advancing testimony that could not easily be rebutted.

“Of all the names you have mentioned,” returned Mr. Effingham, “I have only heard of three, and even these are the names of mere boys. The first dozen are certainly the names of persons who can know no more of this village than they have gleaned during the last few years, and several of them, I understand, have dwelt among us only for a few weeks—nay, days.”

“Have I not told you, Ned,” interrupted John Effingham, “that an American ‘always’ means eighteen months, and that ‘time immemorial’ is only since the last general crisis in the money market?”

“The persons I have mentioned compose a part of the population, sir,” added Mr. Bragg, “and, one and all, they are ready to

swear that your father, by some means or other,—they are not very particular as to minutiaë,—gave them the right to use this property.”

“They are mistaken, and I should be sorry that any one among them should swear to any such falsehood. But here are my deeds; let them show a better title, or, if they can, any.”

“Perhaps your father abandoned the place to the public; this might make a good claim.”

“That he did not, I am a living proof to the contrary; he left it to his heirs at his death, and I myself exercised full right of ownership over it until I went abroad. I did not travel with it in my pocket, sir, it is true; but I left it to the protection of the laws, which I trust are as available to the rich as to the poor, although this is a free country.”

“Well, sir, I suppose a jury must determine the point, as you seem firm; though I warn you, Mr. Effingham, as one who knows his country, that a verdict, in the face of a popular feeling, is rather a hopeless matter. If they prove that your late father intended

to abandon, or to give this property to the public, your case will be lost."

Mr. Effingham examined the papers for a moment, and selecting one, he handed it to Mr. Bragg, first pointing out to his notice a particular paragraph.

"This, sir, is my late father's will," said Mr. Effingham mildly; "and in that particular clause you will find he makes an especial devise of this very Point, leaving it to his heirs in such terms as to put any intention to give it to the public quite out of the question. This, at least, is the latest evidence which I, his only son, executor, and heir, possess of his final wishes; if that wandering and time-immemorial public, of which you speak, has a better, I wait with impatience that it may be produced."

The composed manner of Mr. Effingham had deceived Aristobulus, who did not anticipate any proof so completely annihilating to the pretension of the public as that he now held in his hand. It was a simple, brief devise, disposing of the piece of property in question, and

there could be no dispute that Mr. Effingham had succeeded to all the rights of his father; with no reservation or condition of any sort.

“This is very extraordinary,” exclaimed Mr. Bragg, when he had read the clause several times, each perusal contributing to make the case still clearer in favour of his employer, the individual, and still stronger against the hoped-for future employer, the people. “The public ought to have known of this bequest of the late Mr. Effingham.”

“I think they ought, before they pretended to deprive his child of his property; or, rather, they ought to be certain, at least, that there was no such devise.”

“You will excuse me, Mr. Effingham, but I think it is incumbent on a private citizen, in a case of this sort, when the public have taken up a wrong notion, as I now admit is clearly the fact as regards the Point, to enlighten them, and to inform them that they do not own the spot.”

“This has been done already, Mr. Bragg, in the advertisement you had the goodness to

carry to the printers, although I deny that there is any such obligation."

"But, sir, they object to the mode you have chosen to set them right."

"The mode is usual, I believe, in the case of trespasses."

"They expect something different, sir, in an affair in which the public is—is—is—all—"

"Wrong," put in John Effingham pointedly. "I have heard something of this out of doors, Ned, and blame you for your moderation. Is it true that you have told several of your neighbours that you have no wish to prevent them from using the Point, but that your sole object is merely to settle the question of right, and to prevent intrusions on your own family when it is enjoying its own place of retirement?"

"Certainly, John; my only wish is to preserve the property for those to whom it is especially devised, to allow those who have the best right to it its undisturbed possession occasionally, and to prevent any more of that

injury to the trees which has been committed by some of those rude men, who always fancy themselves so completely *all* the public as to be masters in their own particular persons whenever the public has any claim. I can have no wish to deprive my neighbours of the innocent pleasure of visiting the Point, though I am fully determined they shall not deprive me of my property."

"You are far more indulgent than I should be, or perhaps than you will be yourself, when you read this."

As John Effingham spoke, he handed his kinsman a small hand-bill, which purported to call a meeting for that night of the inhabitants of Templeton, to resist his arrogant claim to the disputed property. This hand-bill had the usual marks of a feeble and vulgar malignity about it, affecting to call Mr. Effingham, "*one* Mr. Effingham," and it was anonymous.

"This is scarcely worth our attention, John," said Mr. Effingham mildly; "meetings of this sort cannot decide a title in law, and no

man who respects himself will be the tool of so pitiful an attempt to frighten a citizen from maintaining his rights."

"I agree with you as respects the meeting, which has been conceived in ignorance and low malice, and will probably end, as all such efforts end, in ridicule. But—"

"Excuse me, Mr. John," interrupted Aristobulus, "there is an awful excitement! Some have even spoken of Lynching!"

"Then," said Mr. Effingham, "it *does*, indeed, require that we should be more firm. Do you, sir, know of any person who has dared to use such a menace?"

Aristobulus quailed before the stern eye of Mr. Effingham, and he regretted having communicated so much, though he had communicated nothing but the truth. He stammered out an obscure and half intelligible explanation, and proposed to attend the meeting in person, in order that he might be in the way of understanding the subject, without falling into the danger of mistake. To this Mr. Effingham assented, as he felt too indignant at this out-

rage on all his rights, whether as a citizen or as a man, to wish to pursue the subject with his agent that night. Aristobulus departed, and John Effingham remained closeted with his kinsman until the family had retired. During this long interview the former communicated many things to the latter, in relation to this very affair, of which the owner of the property until then had been profoundly ignorant.

CHAPTER XV.

“There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my filly go to grass.”—JACK CADE.

THOUGH the affair of the Point continued to agitate the village of Templeton next day and for some time afterwards, it was little remembered in the Wigwam. Confident of his right, Mr. Effingham, though naturally indignant at the abuse of his long liberality, through which alone the public had been permitted to frequent the place, and this too often to his own discomfort and disappointment, had dismissed the subject temporarily from his mind, and was already engaged in his ordinary pursuits. Not so, however, with Mr. Bragg. Agreeably to promise he had attended the meeting, and now

seemed to regulate all his movements by a sort of mysterious self-importance, as if the repository of some secret of unusual consequence. No one regarded his manner, however, for Aristobulus, and his secrets and opinions, were all of too little value in the eyes of most of the party to attract peculiar attention. He found a sympathetic listener in Mr. Dodge, that person having been invited, through the courtesy of Mr. Effingham, to pass a few days with those in whose company, though very unwillingly on the editor's part certainly, he had gone through so many dangerous trials. These two, then, soon became intimate, and any stranger who had witnessed their shrugs, significant whisperings, and frequent conferences in corners, might have fancied their shoulders burthened with the weightiest matters of state. But all this pantomime, which was intended to awaken curiosity, was lost on the company in general. The ladies, attended by Paul and the baronet, proceeded into the forest on foot for a morning's walk, while the two Messrs. Effingham

continued to read with a most provoking indifference the daily journals that were received from town each morning. Neither Aristobulus nor Mr. Dodge could resist any longer, and after exhausting their ingenuity in the vain effort to induce one of the two gentlemen to question them concerning the meeting of the previous night, the desire to unburthen their minds fairly overcame their affected mysteriousness, and a formal request was made to Mr. Effingham to give them an audience in the library. The latter, who suspected the nature of the interview, requested his kinsman to make one of the party, and the four were soon alone in the apartment so often named.

Even now, that his own request for the interview was granted, Aristobulus hesitated about proceeding, until a mild intimation from Mr. Effingham that he was ready to hear his communication, told the agent that it was now too late to change his determination.

“I attended the meeting last night, agreeably to our arrangement, Mr. Effingham,” Aristobulus commenced, “and I feel the utmost

regret at being compelled to lay the result before a gentleman for whom I entertain so profound a respect."

"There was then a meeting?" said Mr. Effingham, inclining his body slightly by way of acknowledging the other's compliments.

"There was, sir, and I think, Mr. Dodge, we may say an overflowing one."

"The public were fairly represented," returned the editor, "as many as fifty or sixty having been present."

"The public have a perfect right to meet, and to take counsel on their claims to anything they may conceive themselves entitled to enjoy," observed Mr. Effingham. "I can have no possible objection to such a course, though I think they would have better consulted their own dignity had they insisted on being convoked by more respectable persons than those who, I understand, were foremost in this affair, and in terms better suited to their own sense of propriety."

Aristobulus glanced at Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Dodge glanced back at Mr. Bragg, for neither

of these political mushrooms could form an adequate notion of the dignity and fair-mindedness with which a gentleman could view an affair of this nature.

“They passed a set of resolutions, Mr. Effingham,” Aristobulus resumed, with the gravity with which he ever spoke of things of this nature; “a set of resolutions, sir!”

“That was to be expected,” returned his employer, smiling; “the Americans are a set-of-resolutions-passing people. No three can get together without naming a chairman and secretary, and a resolution is as much a natural consequence of such an ‘organization’—I believe that is the approved word—as an egg is the accompaniment of the cackling of a hen.”

“But, sir, you do not yet know the nature of these resolutions!”

“Very true, Mr. Bragg; that is a piece of knowledge I am to have the pleasure of obtaining from you.”

Again Aristobulus glanced at Steadfast, and Steadfast threw back the look of surprise, for to both it was matter of real astonishment that

any man should be so indifferent to the resolutions of a meeting that had been regularly organized, with a chairman and secretary at its head, and which so unequivocally professed to be the public.

“ I am reluctant to discharge this duty, Mr. Effingham, but as you insist on its performance it must be done. In the first place, they resolved that your father meant to give them the Point.”

“ A decision that must clearly settle the matter, and which will quite destroy all my father’s own resolutions on the same subject. Did they stop at the Point, Mr. Bragg, or did they resolve that my father also gave them his wife and children ?”

“ No, sir ; nothing was said concerning the latter.”

“ I cannot properly express my gratitude for their forbearance, as they had just as good a right to pass the one resolution as the other.”

“ The power of the public is awful, Mr. Effingham !”

“ Indeed it is, sir, but fortunately that of the re-public is still more awful, and I shall look to the latter for support in this crisis—that is the favourite word, is it not, Mr. John Effingham ?”

“ If you mean a change of administration, the upsetting of a stage, or the death of a cart-horse ; they are all equally crises in the American vocabulary.”

“ Well, Mr. Bragg, having resolved that they knew my late father’s intentions better than he knew them himself, as is apparent from the mistake he made in his will, what next did the public dispose of in the plenitude of their power ?”

“ They resolved, sir, that it was your duty to carry out the intentions of your father.”

“ In that, then, we are perfectly of a mind, as the public will most probably discover before we get through with this matter. This is one of the most pious resolutions I ever knew the public to pass. Did it proceed any further ?”

Mr. Bragg, notwithstanding his long encou-

aged truckling to the sets of men whom he was accustomed to dignify with the name of the public, had a profound deference for the principles, character, and station of Mr. Effingham, that no sophistry or self-encouragement in the practices of social confusion could overcome; and he paused before he communicated the next resolution to his employer. But perceiving that both the latter and his cousin were waiting to hear it, he was fain to overcome his scruples, and to speak plainly.

“ I am sorry to be obliged to add, Mr. Effingham,” he said, “ that the meeting resolved you had rendered yourself odious by your course in reference to the Point, and that it held you and your notice against trespasses in sovereign contempt.”

“ If I am to be deemed odious for claiming a right to control that which is my own,” Mr. Effingham quietly remarked, “ what is your public to be deemed for claiming to control that which is not their own ?”

“ Men will certainly regard this resolution

with different eyes. I ventured to hint to the meeting that there might possibly be some mistake; but—”

“ They resolved, as usual, that they were infallible,” interrupted John Effingham, who had, with difficulty, kept silence to that moment. “ You may regard this affair as you please, Ned, but in my eyes it is a deliberate perversion of truth, a violation of law, and a most indecent outrage on the rights of a citizen.”

“ Good Heavens! Mr. John; you forget these were the resolves” (Aristobulus was a Massachusetts man, and he preferred that Shaksperian term to the simpler word resolution,) “ of a public meeting! a sacred public meeting.”

John Effingham was about to answer with the cool contempt he really entertained for such an abuse of terms, when a gesture from his cousin induced him to continue silent.

“ Will you have the goodness, Mr. Bragg,” said the latter, “ to give me some accurate notion of the composition of this meeting? Surely, Mr. Howel did not attend it?”

Aristobulus was obliged to confess he did

not. Mr. Effingham then named some twenty or thirty of the more respectable and intelligent inhabitants of the village, including nearly every one who, by social position, age, or residence, could have a right to be active on such a question, and he found that not one of them all had been present. Surprised at the result, after the parade with which Mr. Bragg had introduced the subject of the meeting, he next inquired the names of those who had actually been foremost in the matter. By far the greater number were composed of that floating population which forms so large and so unsettled a part of most American communities, and some were actually residents of only a month's standing.

“ These persons are mostly strangers to me,” said Mr. Effingham, “ and by their years, or their residence, can know little of the merits of the disputed question, and absolutely nothing of my father, who has now been dead nearly thirty years.”

“ They are, notwithstanding, the people, sir !”

“ No, sir, they are *not* the people; and it is as impudent a pretension on their part to lay claim to be so considered as it is to lay claim to my property.”

“ It is enough that they consider themselves the people,” said John Effingham, “ to pretend to do anything. I trust, Ned, you do not mean to submit to this outrage ?”

“ What would you have me do, John, but pity those who are so grossly ignorant of propriety as to set themselves up as judges in their own cause? Certainly, I shall maintain to the letter my legal rights, and further than that I do not see anything is required of me. That much is now required even in behalf of the laws of our common country.”

“ But they have publicly expressed their contempt of you !”

“ The surest possible sign they do not feel it. Contempt is a silent quality, and is never paraded before the world. No man is despised when it is thought necessary to make solemn and formal declarations to that effect. I hope

by my conduct to show on which side the contempt really exists."

"They have openly libelled you by passing resolutions declaring you to be odious."

"That, indeed, is a strong measure, and for the interest of good manners and of good morals, it may call for a rebuke. No one can care less than myself, Mr. Bragg, for opinions the worthlessness of which is so clearly demonstrated by the heedless manner in which those who avow them have permitted themselves to fall into this error; but it is proceeding too far when a few members of the community presume to take these liberties with a private individual, and that, moreover, in a case affecting a pretended claim of their own; and I desire you will tell those concerned, that if they dare to publish their resolution declaring me to be odious, I will teach them what they now do not appear to know, that we live in a country of law. I shall not persecute them, but I shall indict them for the offence, and I hope this is plainly expressed."

Aristobulus stood aghast! To indict the public was a step he had never heard of before, and he began to perceive that the question actually had two sides. Still his awe of public meetings, and his habitual regard for popularity, induced him not to give up the matter without another struggle.

“They have already ordered their proceedings to be published, Mr. Effingham!” he said, as if such an order were not to be countermanded.

“I fancy, sir, that when it comes to the issue, and the pains and penalties of a prosecution present themselves, their leaders will begin to recollect their individuality, and to think less of their public characters. They who hunt in droves, like wolves, are seldom very valiant when singled out from their pack. The end will show.”

“I heartily wish this unpleasant affair might be amicably settled,” added Aristobulus. “It will make ill-blood, and an unpleasant neighbourhood.”

“One might, indeed, fancy so,” observed

John Effingham, "since no man likes to be persecuted."

"But, Mr. John, the public think themselves persecuted in this case."

"The term, as applied to a body that not only makes, but which executes the law, is so palpably absurd that I am surprised any man can presume to use it. But, Mr. Bragg, you have seen documents which must have thoroughly convinced you that the public have not the smallest right to this point of land."

"All very true, sir; but you will please to remember that the people do not know what I now know."

"And you will please to remember, sir, that when people choose to act affirmatively in as high-handed a manner as this, they are *bound* to know what they are about. Ignorance in such a matter is like the drunkard's plea of intoxication; it merely makes the offence worse."

"Do you not think, Mr. John, that Mr. Effingham might have acquainted these citizens with the real state of the case? Are the people

so very wrong because they have fallen into a mistake?"

"Since you ask this question plainly, Mr. Bragg, it shall be answered with equal sincerity. Mr. Effingham is a man of mature years, the known child, executor, and heir of one who, it is admitted all round, was the master of the controverted property. Knowing his own business, this Mr. Effingham, in sight of the grave of his fathers, beneath the paternal roof, has the intolerable impudence—"

"Arrogance is the word, Jack," said Mr. Effingham, smiling.

"Ay, the intolerable arrogance to suppose that his own is his own, and this he dares to affirm without having had the politeness to send his title-deeds and private papers round to those who have been so short a time in the place that they might well know nothing of that which has occurred in it for the last half century. Oh, thou naughty, arrogant fellow, Ned!"

"Mr. John, you appear to forget that the public have more claim to be treated with atten-

tion than a single individual. If they have fallen into error they ought to be undeceived."

"No doubt, sir; and I advise Mr. Effingham to send you, his agent, to every man, woman, and child in the country with the patent of the king, all the mesne conveyances and wills in your pockets, in order that you may read them at length to each individual, so that every man, woman, and child may be satisfied that he or she is not the owner of Edward Effingham's lands!"

"Nay, sir, a shorter process might be adopted."

"It might, indeed, sir; and such a process has been adopted by my cousin in giving the usual notice in the newspaper against trespassing. But, Mr. Bragg, you must know that I took great pains, three years since, when repairing this house, to correct the mistake on this very point into which I found that your immaculate public had fallen, through their disposition to know more of other people's affairs than those concerned knew of themselves."

Aristobulus said no more, but he gave the

matter up in despair. On quitting the house, he proceeded forthwith to inform those who were most interested of the determination of Mr. Effingham not to be trampled on by any pretended meeting of the public. Common sense, not to say common honesty, began to resume its sway, and prudence put in its plea by way of applying the corrective. Both he and Mr. Dodge, however, agreed that there was an unheard-of temerity in thus resisting the people, and this, too, without a commensurate object, as the pecuniary value of the disputed Point was of no material consequence to either party.

The reader is not by any means to suppose that Aristobulus Bragg and Steadfast Dodge belonged to the same variety of the human species, in consequence of their unity of sentiment in this affair, and certain other general points of resemblance in their manner and modes of thinking. As a matter of necessity, each partook of those features of caste, condition, origin, and association that characterize their particular order ; but when it comes to the nicer distinctions that mark true individuality,

it would not have been easy to find two men more essentially different. The first was bold, morally and physically, aspiring, self-possessed, shrewd, singularly adapted to succeed in his schemes when he knew the parties, intelligent after his tastes, and apt. Had it been his fortune to be thrown earlier into a better sphere, the same natural qualities that rendered him so expert in his present situation would have conduced to his improvement, and most probably would have formed a gentleman, a scholar, and one who could have contributed largely to the welfare, principles, and tastes of his fellow-creatures. That such was not his fate was more his misfortune than his fault; for his plastic character had readily taken the impression of those things that from approximation alone pressed hardest on it. On the other hand, Steadfast was a hypocrite by nature, cowardly, envious, and malignant; and circumstances had only lent their aid to the natural tendencies of his disposition. That two men, so differently constituted at their births, should meet, as it might be, in a com-

mon centre, in so many of their habits and opinions, was merely the result of accident and education.

Among the other points of resemblance between these two persons, was the fault of confounding the cause with the effects of the peculiar institutions under which they had been educated and lived. Because the law gave to the public that authority which, under other systems, is intrusted either to one or to the few, they believed the public were invested with far more power than a right understanding of their own principles would have shown. In a word, both these persons made a mistake, which is becoming too common in America, that of supposing the institutions of the country were all means and no end. Under this erroneous impression, they saw only the machinery of the government, becoming entirely forgetful that the power which was given to the people collectively, was only so given to secure to them as perfect a liberty as possible in their characters of individuals. Neither had risen sufficiently

above vulgar notions to understand that public opinion, in order to be omnipotent, or even formidable, beyond the inflictions of the moment, must be right, and that, if a solitary man renders himself contemptible by taking up false notions inconsiderately and unjustly, bodies of men, falling into the same errors, incur the same penalties, with the additional stigma of having acted as cowards.

There was also another common mistake into which Messrs. Bragg and Dodge had permitted themselves to fall, through the want of a proper distinction between principles. Resisting the popular will on the part of an individual, they considered arrogance and aristocracy *per se*, without at all entering into the question of the right or the wrong. The people, they rightly enough, in the general signification of the term, deemed to be sovereign; and they belonged to a numerous class, who view disobedience to the sovereign in a democracy, although it be in his illegal caprices, very much as the subject of a despot regards disobedience to his prince.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that Mr. Effingham and his cousin viewed these matters differently. Clear-headed, just-minded, and liberal in all his practices, the former, in particular, felt greatly annoyed by the recent occurrence, and he paced his library in silence for several minutes after Mr. Bragg and his companion had withdrawn, really too much grieved to speak.

“This is altogether a most extraordinary procedure, John,” he at length observed, “and it strikes me that it is but an indifferent reward for the liberality with which I have permitted others to use my property these thirty years; often, very often, as you well know, to my own discomfort and to that of my friends.”

“I have told you, Ned, that you were not to expect the America, on your return, that you left behind you on your departure for Europe. I am satisfied that no country has so altered for the worse in so short a time.”

“That unequalled pecuniary prosperity

should sensibly impair the manners of what is termed the world, by introducing suddenly large bodies of uninstructed and untrained men and women into society, is a natural consequence of obvious causes ; that it should corrupt morals, even, we have a right to expect ; for we are taught to believe it the most corrupting influence under which men can live ; but I confess I did not expect to see the day when a body of strangers, birds of passage, creatures of an hour, should assume a right to call on the old and long-established inhabitants of a country to prove their claims to their possessions, and this, too, in an unusual and unheard-of manner, under the penalty of being violently deprived of them !”

“ Long-established !” repeated John Effingham, laughing : “ what do you term long-established ? . Have you not been absent a dozen years, and do not these people reduce every thing to the level of their own habits ? I suppose, now, you fancy you can go to Rome, or Jerusalem, or Constantinople, and remain four

or five lustres, and then come coolly back to Templeton, and on taking possession of this house again, call yourself an old resident !”

“ I certainly do suppose I have that right. How many English, Russians, and Germans did we meet in Italy,—the residents of years, who still retained all their natural and local rights and feelings ?”

“ Ay, that is in countries where society is permanent, and men get accustomed to look on the same objects, hear the same names, and see the same faces for their entire lives. I have had the curiosity to inquire, and I have ascertained that none of the old permanent families have been active in this affair of the Point, but that all the clamour has been made by those you call the birds of passage. But what of that? these people fancy everything reduced to the legal six months required to vote, and that rotation in persons is as necessary to republicanism as rotation in office.”

“ Is it not extraordinary that persons who know so little on the subject should be thus indiscreet and positive ?”

“ It is not extraordinary in America. Look about you, Ned, and you will see adventurers uppermost everywhere — in the government, in your towns, in your villages, in the country even : we are a nation of changes. Much of this, I admit, is the fair consequence of legitimate causes, as an immense region in forest cannot be peopled on any other conditions. But this necessity has infected the entire national character, and men become impatient of any sameness, even though it be useful. Everything goes to confirm this feeling, instead of opposing it. The constant recurrence of the elections accustoms men to changes in their public functionaries. The great increase in the population brings new faces, and the sudden accumulations of property place new men in conspicuous stations. The architecture of the country is not sufficiently respectable to render it desirable to preserve the buildings, without which we shall have no monuments to revere.”

“ You colour highly, Jack, and no picture loses in tints when retouched by you.”

“ Look into the first paper that offers, and you will see the *young men* of the country hardily invited to meet by themselves, to consult concerning public affairs, as if they were impatient of the counsels and experience of their fathers. No country can prosper where the ordinary mode of transacting business connected with the root of government commences with this gross impiety.”

“ This is a disagreeable feature in the national character certainly ; but we must remember the arts employed by the designing to practise on the inexperienced.”

“ Had I a son, who presumed to denounce the wisdom and experience of his father in this disrespectful manner, I would disinherit the rascal.”

“ Ah, Jack ! bachelors’ children are notoriously well educated and well mannered. We will hope, however, that time will bring its changes also, and that one of them will be a greater constancy in persons, things, and the affections.”

“ Time *will* bring its changes, Ned, but all

of them that are connected with individual rights, as opposed to popular caprice or popular interests, are likely to be in the wrong direction."

"The tendency is certainly to substitute popularity for the right, but we must take the good with the bad. Even you, Jack, would not exchange this popular oppression for any other system under which you have lived."

"I don't know that — I don't know that. Of all tyranny, a vulgar tyranny is to me the most odious."

"You used to admire the English system, but I think observation has lessened your particular admiration in that respect," said Mr. Effingham, smiling in a way that his cousin perfectly understood.

"Hark'e, Ned ; we all take up false notions in youth, and this was one of mine ; but of the two, I should prefer the cold, dogged domination of English law, with its fruits, to the heartlessness of a sophistication without a parallel, to being trampled on by every arrant black-

guard that may happen to traverse this valley in his wanderings after dollars. There is one thing you yourself must admit; the public are a little too apt to neglect duties they ought to discharge, and to assume duties they have no right to fulfil." This remark, which was teeming with truth, ended the discourse.

CHAPTER XVI.

Her breast was a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts did meet,
Where nature such a tenement had ta'en
That other souls, to hers, dwelt in a lane.

JOHN MORTON.

THE village of Templeton, as has been already intimated, was a miniature town. Although it contained within the circle of its houses half a dozen residences with grounds, dignified with names, as has been said, it did not cover a surface of more than a mile square; that disposition to concentration, which is as peculiar to an American town as the disposition to diffusion is peculiar to the country population, and which seems almost to prescribe that a private dwelling shall have but three windows in front, and a *façade* of twenty-

five feet, had presided at the birth of this spot as well as at the birth of so many of its predecessors and contemporaries.

In one of its more retired streets, (for Templeton had its publicity and retirement, the latter after a very village fashion, however,) dwelt a widow bewitched, of some small worldly means, who had five children, and a great capacity for circulating intelligence. Mrs. Abbot, for so was this demi-relict called, was just on the verge of what is termed the "good society" of the village, the most uneasy of all positions for an ambitious and *ci-devant* pretty woman to be placed in. She had not yet abandoned the hope of obtaining a divorce and its *suites*; was singularly nay, rabidly devout, if we may coin the adverb; in her own eyes she was perfection, in those of her neighbours slightly objectionable; and she was altogether a droll, but by no means a very unusual compound of piety, censoriousness, charity, proscription, gossip, kindness, meddling, ill-nature, and decency.

The establishment of Mrs. Abbot, like her

house, was necessarily very small, and she kept no servant excepting a girl she called her help, a very suitable appellation by the way, as she and her mistress did most of the work of the *ménage* in common. This girl, in addition to her duties of cooking and washing, was the confidant of all her employer's wandering notions of mankind in general, and of her neighbours in particular, as often helping her mistress in circulating her comments on the latter as in anything else. Mrs. Abbot knew nothing of the Effinghams, except by a hearsay that got its intelligence from her own school, having herself but lately arrived at the place. She had selected Templeton as a residence on account of its cheapness; and having neglected to comply with the forms of the world by hesitating to make the customary visit to the Wigwam, she began to resent, in her spirit at least, Eve's delicate forbearance from obtruding where, agreeably to all usage, she had a perfect right to suppose she was not desired. It was in this spirit then that she sat conversing with Jenny, as the maid of all work was called, the morning after

the conversation related in the last chapter, in her snug little parlour, sometimes plying her needle, and oftener thrusting her head out of a window which commanded a view of the principal street of the place, in order to see what her neighbours might be about.

“ This is a most extraordinary course Mr. Effingham has taken concerning the Point,” said Mrs. Abbot, “ and I *do* hope the people will bring him to his senses. Why, Jenny, the public have used that place ever since I can remember, and I have now lived in Templeton quite fifteen months.—What *can* induce Mr. Howel to go so often to that barber’s shop which stands directly opposite to the parlour window of Miss Bennett?—one would think the man was all beard.”

“ I suppose Mr. Howel gets shaved sometimes,” said the logical Jenny.

“ Not he ; or if he does, no decent man would think of posting himself before a lady’s window to do such a thing.—Orlando Furioso Samuel,” calling to her eldest son, a boy of eleven, — “ run over to Mr. Jones’s store, and

listen to what the people are talking about, and bring me back the news as soon as anything worth hearing drops from anybody ; and stop as you come back, my son, and borrow neighbour Brown's gridiron. Jenny, it is 'most time to think of putting over the potatoes."

"Ma'!" cried Orlando Furioso Samuel from the front door, for Mrs. Abbot was very rigid in requiring that all her children should call her "Ma'," being so much behind the age as actually not to know that "mother" had become much the genteeler term of the two,—“Ma',” roared Orlando Furioso Samuel, “suppose there *is* no news at Mr. Jones's store?”

“Then go to the nearest tavern ; something must be stirring this fine morning, and I'm dying to know what it can *possibly* be. Mind you bring something besides the gridiron back with you, Fury, or never come home again as long as you live ! As I was saying, Jenny, the right of the public (which is our right, for we are a part of the public,) to this Point, is as clear as day, and I am only astonished at the impudence of Mr. Effingham in pretending

to deny it. I dare say his French daughter has put him up to it. They say she is monstrous arrogant !”

“ Is Eve Effingham French ?” said Jenny, studiously avoiding any of the usual terms of civility and propriety, by way of showing her breeding. “ Well, I had always thought her nothing but Templeton born !”

“ What signifies where a person was born ; where they *live* is the essential thing, and Eve Effingham has lived so long in France that she speaks nothing but broken English, and Miss Delby told me last week that, in drawing up a subscription paper for a new cushion to the reading desk of her people, she actually spelt ‘ charity’ ‘ carrotty.’ ”

“ Is that French, Mrs. Abbot ?”

“ I rather think it is, Jenny ; the French are very niggardly, and give carrots to their poor to live on, and so they have adopted the word, I suppose. You, Byansy Alzummy Anne (Bianca Alzuma Anne) !”

“ Marm !”

“ Byansy Alzummy Anne, who taught you

to call me marm! Is this the way you have learned your catechism! Say 'ma,' instantly."

"Ma'."

"Take your bonnet,"—this word, by way of brevity, Mrs. Abbot chose to call bunnet, — "take your bonnet, my child, and run down to Mrs. Wheaton's, and ask her if any thing new has turned up about the Point this morning; and, do you hear, Byansy Alzummy Anne Abbot, — how the child starts away, as if she were sent on a matter of life and death!"

"Why, ma', I want to hear the news, too."

"Very likely, my dear; but, by stopping to get your errand, you may learn more than by being in such a hurry. Step in at Mrs. Green's, and ask how the people liked the lecture of the strange parson last evening, and beg her, if she can, to lend me a watering pot. Now run, and be back as soon as possible. Never loiter when you carry news, child."

“No one has a right to stop the mail, I believe, Mrs. Abbot?” said Jenny, very appositely.

“That, indeed, have they not, or else we could not calculate the consequences. You may remember, Jenny, the pious even had to give up that point, public convenience being too strong even for religion. Roger Demetrius Benjamin!” calling to a second boy, two years younger than his brother, — “your eyes are better than mine, — who are all those people collected together in the street? Is not Mr. Howel among them?”

“I do not know, ma’,” answered Roger Demetrius Benjamin, gaping.

“Then run this minute and see, and don’t stop to look for your hat. As you come back, step into the tailor’s shop, and ask if your new jacket is ’most done, and what the news is. I rather think, Jenny, we shall find out something worth hearing in the course of the day. By the way, they do say that Grace Van Courtlandt, Eve Effingham’s cousin, is under concern!”

“ Well, she is the last person I should think would be troubled about anything, for everybody says she is so desperate rich she might eat off silver if she liked, and she is sure of being married some time or other.”

“ That ought to heighten her concern. Oh ! it does my heart good, when I see any of those flaunty people right well exercised ! Nothing would make me happier than to see Eve Effingham herself groaning fairly in the spirit ! That would teach her to take away the people’s Points.”

“ But, Mrs. Abbot, then she would become almost as good a woman as you are yourself !”

“ Not she, indeed ! Though I am a miserable, graceless, awfully wicked sinner ! Twenty times a day do I doubt whether I am actually converted or not ; sin has got such a hold on my very heart-strings that I sometimes think they will crack before it lets go. Rinaldo Rinaldini Timothy, my child, do you toddle across the way, and give my compliments to Mrs. Hulbert, and inquire if

it be true whether young Dickson the lawyer is really engaged to Aspasia Tubbs or not; and borrow a skimmer or a tin-pot, or anything you can carry, for we may want something of the sort in the course of the day. I do believe, Jenny, that a worse creature than myself is hardly to be found in Templeton!"

"Why, Mrs. Abbot," returned Jenny, who had heard too much of this self-abasement to be much alarmed about it, "this is giving almost as bad an account of yourself as I heard somebody that I won't name give of you last week."

"And *who* is your somebody, I should like to know? I dare say, one no better than a formalist, who thinks that reading prayers out of a book, kneeling, bowing, and changing gowns, is religion! Thank Heaven! I'm pretty indifferent to the opinions of such people. Hark'e, Jenny, if I thought I was no better than some persons I could name, I'd give up the point of salvation in despair."

"Mrs. Abbot!" roared a ragged, dirty-faced, bare-footed boy, who bolted in without

knocking, and stood in the middle of the room with his hat on, with a suddenness that denoted great readiness in entering other people's possessions; "Mrs. Abbot, ma' wants to know if you are likely to go from home this week?"

"Why, what in nature can she want to know that for, Ordeal Bumgrum?" Mrs. Abbot pronounced this singular name "*Ordeal*."

"Oh! she *wants* to know."

"So do I *want* to know, and know I will; run home this instant, and ask your mother *why* she has sent you here with this message. Jenny, I am much exercised to find out the reason Mrs. Bumgrum should have sent Ordeal over with such a question."

"I did hear that Mrs. Bumgrum intended to make a journey herself, and she may want your company."

"Here comes Ordeal back, and we shall soon be out of the clouds. What a boy that is for errands! He is worth all my sons put together. You never see him losing

time by going round by the streets, but away he goes over the garden fences like a cat, or he will whip through a house, if it stand in his way, like its owner, if the door happen to be open only an inch. Well, Ordeal?"

But Ordeal was out of breath, and although Jenny shook him as if to shake the news out of him, and Mrs. Abbot actually shook her fist in her impatience to be enlightened, nothing could induce the child to speak until he had recovered his wind.

"I believe he does it on purpose," said the provoked maid.

"It's just like him," cried the mistress; "the very best news-carrier in the village is actually spoilt because he is thick-winded."

"I wish the folks wouldn't make their fences so high," Ordeal exclaimed, the instant he found breath; "I can't see of what use it is to make a fence people can't climb!"

"What does your mother say?" cried Jenny, repeating her shake *con amore*.

"Ma' wants to know, Mrs. Abbot, if you

don't intend to use it yourself, if you will lend her your name for a few days, to go to Utica with? She says folks don't treat her half as well when she is called Bumgrum as when she has another name, and she thinks she 'd like to try yours this time."

"Is that all!—you needn't have been so hurried about such a trifle, Ordeal. Give my compliments to your mother, and tell her she is quite welcome to my name, and I hope it will be serviceable to her."

"She says she is willing to pay for the use of it, if you will tell her what the damage will be."

"Oh! it's not worth while to speak of such a trifle; I dare say she will bring it back quite as good as when she took it away. I am no such unneighbourly or aristocratical person, as to wish to keep my name all to myself. Tell your mother she is welcome to it, and to keep it as long as she likes, and not to say anything about pay; I may want to borrow hers, or something else, one of these days, though, to say the truth, my

neighbours *are* apt to complain of me as unfriendly and proud, for not borrowing as much as a good neighbour ought."

Ordeal departed, leaving Mrs. Abbot in some such condition as that of the man who had no shadow. A rap at the door interrupted the further discussion of the old subject, and Mr. Steadfast Dodge appeared in answer to the permission to enter. Mr. Dodge and Mrs. Abbot were congenial spirits in the way of news, he living by it, and she living on it.

"You are very welcome, Mr. Dodge," the mistress of the house commenced; "I hear you passed the day yesterday up at the Effinghams'."

"Why, yes, Mrs. Abbot, the Effinghams insisted on it, and I could not well get over the sacrifice, after having been their shipmate so long; besides, it is a little relief to talk French when one has been months in the daily practice of it."

"I hear there is company at the house?"

"Two of our fellow-travellers merely—an

English baronet, and a young man of whom less is known than one could wish. He is a mysterious person, and I hate mystery, Mrs. Abbot."

"In that, then, Mr. Dodge, you and I are alike. I think everything should be known. Indeed, that is not a free country in which there are any secrets. I keep nothing from my neighbours, and, to own the truth, I do not like my neighbours to keep anything from me."

"Then you'll hardly like the Effinghams, for I never yet met with a more close-mouthed family. Although I was so long in the ship with Miss Eve, I never heard her once speak of her want of appetite, of sea-sickness, or of anything relating to her ailings; nor can you imagine how close she is on the subject of the beaux. I do not think I ever heard her use the word, or so much as allude to any walk or ride she ever took with a man in her life. I set her down, Mrs. Abbot, as dreadfully artful."

"That you may with certainty, sir; for

there is no more sure sign that a young woman is all the while thinking of the beaux, than her never mentioning them."

"That I believe to be human nature; no ingenuous person ever thinks much of the particular subject of conversation. What is your opinion, Mrs. Abbot, of the contemplated match at the Wigwam?"

"Match!" exclaimed Mrs. Abbot, much as a dog would snap at a bone. "What, already! It is the most indecent thing I ever heard of! Why, Mr. Dodge, the family has not been home a fortnight, and to think so soon of getting married! It is quite as bad as widowers marrying within the month."

Mrs. Abbot made a distinction habitually between the cases of widowers and widows, as the first, she maintained, might get married whenever they pleased, and the latter only when they got offers; and she felt just that sort of horror at a man's thinking of marrying too soon, after the death of his wife, as might be expected in one who actu-

ally contemplated a second husband before the first was dead.

“Why, yes,” returned Steadfast, “it is a little premature, perhaps, though they have been long acquainted. Still, as you say, it would be more decent to wait and see what may turn up in a country that to them may be said to be a foreign land.”

“But who are the parties, Mr. Dodge?”

“Miss Eve Effingham, and Mr. John Effingham.”

“Mr. John Effingham!” exclaimed the lady aghast, for this was knocking one of her own day-dreams on the head; “well, this is too much! But he shall not marry her, sir; the law will prevent it, and we live in a country of laws. A man cannot marry his own niece.”

“It is excessively improper, and ought to be put a stop to. And yet these Effinghams do very much as they please.”

“I am very sorry to hear that they are extremely disagreeable,” said Mrs. Abbot, with a look of eager inquiry, as if afraid the answer might be in the negative.

“As much so as possible ; they have hardly a way that you would like, my dear marm ; and as close-mouthed as if they were always afraid of committing themselves.”

“Desperate bad news-carriers, I am told, Mr. Dodge. There is Dorindy (Dorinda) Mudge, who was employed there by Eve and Grace one day ; she tells me she tried all sorts of ways to get them to talk, by speaking of the most common things—things that one of my children knew all about—such as the affairs of the neighbourhood, and how people are getting on ; and though they would listen a little,—and that is something, I admit,—not a syllable could she get in the way of answer or remark. She tells me that several times she had a mind to quit, for it is monstrous unpleasant to associate with your tongue-tied folks.”

“I dare say Miss Effingham could throw out a hint, now and then, concerning the voyage and her late fellow-travellers,” said Steadfast, casting an uneasy glance at his companion.

“Not she. Dorindy maintains that it is impossible to get a sentiment out of her concerning a single fellow-creature. When she talked of the late unpleasant affair of poor neighbour Bronson’s family,—a melancholy transaction that, Mr: Dodge, and I shouldn’t wonder if it went nigh to break Mrs. Bronson’s heart; but when Dorindy mentioned this, which is bad enough to stir the sensibility of a frog, neither of my young ladies replied, or put a single question. In this respect Grace is as bad as Eve, and Eve is as bad as Grace, they say. Instead of so much as seeming to wish to know any more, what does my Miss Eve do, but turn to some daubs of painting, and point out to her cousin what she was pleased to term peculiarities in Swiss scenery. Then the two hussies would talk of nature: *our* beautiful nature, Dorindy says, Eve had the impudence to call it; as if human nature, and its failings and backslidings, were not a fitter subject for a young woman’s discourse than a silly conversation about lakes and rocks and trees, and as if she *owned* the

nature about Templeton. It is my opinion, Mr. Dodge, that downright ignorance is at the bottom of it all, for Dorindy says that they actually know no more of the intricacies of the neighbourhood than if they lived in Japan."

"All pride, Mrs. Abbot, rank pride. They feel themselves too great to enter into the minutiae of common folk's concerns. I often tried Miss Effingham, coming from England; and she always disdainfully refused to enter into things touching private interest, that I know she did and must understand. Oh! she is a real Tartar in her way; and what she does not wish to do, you never can make her do!"

"Have you heard that Grace is under concern?"

"Not a breath of it! Under whose preaching, Mrs. Abbot?"

"That is more than I can tell you; not under the church parson's I'll engage: no one ever heard of a real, active, regenerat-

ing, and fruit-yielding conversion under *his* ministry."

"No, there is very little unction in that persuasion generally. How cold and apathetic they are in these soul-stirring times! Not a sinner has been writhing on *their* floor, I'll engage, nor a wretch transferred into a saint in the twinkling of an eye, by their power. Well, *we* have every reason to be grateful, Mrs. Abbot."

"That we have, for most glorious have been our privileges. To be sure that is a sinful pride that can puff up a wretched sinful being like Eve Effingham to such a pass of conceit, as to induce her to think she is raised above thinking of, and taking an interest in, the affairs of her neighbours. Now, for my part, conversion has so far opened *my* heart, that I do actually feel as if I wanted to know all about the meanest creature in Templeton."

"That's the true spirit, Mrs. Abbot. Stick to that, and your redemption is secure. I only edit a newspaper by way of showing an interest in mankind."

“ I hope, Mr. Dodge, the press does not mean to let this matter of the Point sleep ; the press is the true guardian of the public rights, and I can tell you the whole community looks to *that* for support in this crisis.”

“ We shall not fail to do our duty,” said Mr. Dodge, looking over his shoulder, and speaking lower. “ What ! shall one insignificant individual, who has not a single right above that of the meanest citizen in the country, oppress this great and powerful community ! What if Mr. Effingham does own this point of land ?”

“ But he does *not* own it,” interrupted Mrs. Abbot. “ Ever since I have known Templeton the public have owned it. The public, moreover, *say* they own it, and what the public say, in this happy country, is law.”

“ But, allowing that the public do not own —”

“ They *do* own it, Mr. Dodge,” the lady repeated more positively.

“ Well, marm, own or no own, this is not a country in which the press ought to be silent when a solitary insignificant individual undertakes to trample on the public. Leave that matter to us, Mrs. Abbot; it is in good hands, and shall be well taken care of.”

“ I’m piously glad of it !”

“ I mention this to you as to a friend,” continued Mr. Dodge, cautiously drawing from his pocket a manuscript which he prepared to read to his companion, who sat with a devouring curiosity ready to listen.

The manuscript of Mr. Dodge contained a professed account of the affair of the Point. It was written obscurely, and not without its contradictions; but the imagination of Mrs. Abbot supplied all vacuums, and reconciled all the inconsistencies. The article was so liberal of its professions of contempt for Mr. Effingham, that every rational man was compelled to wonder why a quality, that is usually so passive, should in this particular instance be aroused to so sudden and violent an activity. In the way of facts, not one was faithfully

stated, and there were several deliberate, unmitigated falsehoods, which went essentially to colour the whole account.

“ I think this will answer the purpose,” said Steadfast, and we have taken means to see that it shall be *well* circulated.”

“ This will do them *good*,” cried Mrs. Abbot, almost breathless with delight. “ I hope folks will believe it !”

“ No fear of that. If it were a party thing now, one half would believe it, as a matter of course, and the other half would not believe it, as a matter of course ; but, in a private matter, Lord bless you, marm, people are always ready to believe anything that will give them something to talk about.”

Here the *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Abbot's different messengers, all of whom, like the dove sent forth from the ark, brought back something in the way of gossip. The Point was a common theme, and though the several accounts flatly contradicted each other, Mrs. Abbot, in the general benevolence of her pious heart, found means

to extract a corroboration of her wishes from each.

Mr. Dodge was as good as his word, and the account appeared. The press throughout the country seized with avidity on anything that helped to fill its columns. No one appeared disposed to inquire into the truth of the account, or after the character of the original authority. It was in print, and that struck the great majority of the editors and their readers as a sufficient sanction. Few indeed were they who lived so much under a proper self-control as to hesitate; and this rank injustice was done a private citizen, as much without moral restraint as without remorse, by those who, to take their own account of the matter, were the regular and habitual champions of human rights!

John Effingham pointed out this extraordinary scene of reckless wrong to his wondering cousin with the cool sarcasm with which he was apt to assail the weaknesses and crimes of the country. His firmness, united to that of his cousin, however, put a stop to the pub-

lication of the resolutions of Aristobulus's meeting, and after a time he procured them, and had them published himself, as the most effectual means of exposing the real character of the senseless mob that had thus disgraced liberty, by assuming its professions and its usages, while it so unequivocally betrayed that it knew nothing of its spirit.

To an observer of men, the end of this affair presented several strong points for comment. As soon as the truth became generally known, in reference to the real ownership of the spot in dispute, and the public came to ascertain that, instead of hitherto possessing a right, they had, in fact, been merely enjoying a favour, those who had committed themselves by their arrogant assumptions of facts and their indecent outrages, fell back on their self-love, and began to seek excuses for their own conduct in that of the other party. Mr. Effingham was loudly condemned for not having done the very thing he, in truth, had done, viz.—telling the public they did not own his property; and when this was shown to be an

absurdity, the complaint followed of the mode which he had adopted in doing what he had done, although it was precisely the one constantly used by everybody else. From these vague and indefinite accusations, those most implicated in the wrong began to deny all their own original assertions, by insisting they had known all along that Mr. Effingham owned the property, but that they did not choose that he, or any other man, should presume to tell them what they so well knew already. In short, the end of this affair exhibited human nature in its usual aspects of prevarication, untruth, contradiction, and inconsistency; and notwithstanding the high profession of liberty made by those implicated, they who had been the most guilty of wrong were loudest in their complaints, as if they alone had suffered.

“This is not exhibiting the country to us, certainly, after so long an absence, in its best appearance,” said Mr. Effingham, “I must admit, John; but error belongs to all regions, and to all classes of institutions.”

“ Ay, Ned, make the best of it, as usual ; but, if you do not come round to my way of thinking before you are a twelvemonth older, I shall renounce prophecying. I wish we could get at the bottom of Miss Effingham’s thoughts on this occasion.”

“ Miss Effingham has been grieved, disappointed, nay shocked,” said Eve ; “ but still she does not despair of the republic. None of our respectable neighbours, in the first place, have shared in this transaction, and that is something ; though I confess I feel some surprise that any considerable portion of a community that respects itself, should quietly allow an ignorant fragment of its own numbers to misrepresent it so grossly, in an affair that so closely touches its own character for common sense and justice.”

“ You have yet to learn, Miss Effingham, that men can get to be so saturated with liberty, that they become insensible to the nicer feelings. The grossest enormities are actually committed in this good republic of ours under the pretence of their being done

by the public, and *for* the public. The people bow to that bugbear quite as submissively as Gessler could have wished the Swiss to bow to his own cap, as that of Rodolph's substitute. Men will have idols, and the Americans have merely set up themselves."

"And yet, cousin Jack, you would be wretched were you doomed to live under a system less free. I fear you have the affectation of sometimes saying that which you do not exactly feel."

CHAPTER XVII.

Come, these are no times to think of dreams—
We'll talk of dreams hereafter,

SHAKSPEARE.

THE day succeeding that in which the conversation just mentioned occurred, was one of great expectation and delight in the Wigwam. Mrs. Hawker and the Bloomfields were expected, and the morning passed away rapidly, under the buoyancy of the feelings that usually accompany such hopes in an American country house. The travellers were to leave town the previous evening, and though the distance was nearly two hundred and thirty miles, they were engaged to arrive by the usual dinner hour. In speed the Americans, so long as they follow the great routes, are unsurpassed, and even Sir George

Templemore, coming as he did from a country of macadamized roads and excellent posting, expressed his surprise, when given to understand that a journey of this length, nearly a hundred miles of which were by land, was to be performed in twenty-four hours, the stops included.

“One particularly likes such rapid travelling,” he remarked, “when it is to bring us such friends as Mrs. Hawker.”

“And Mrs. Bloomfield,” added Eve, quickly. “I rest the credit of the American females on Mrs. Bloomfield.”

“More so than on the first, Miss Effingham?”

“Not in all that is amiable, respectable, feminine, and lady-like; but certainly more so in the way of mind. I know, Sir George Templemore, as a European, what your opinion is of our sex in this country—”

“Good Heaven, my dear Miss Effingham!—My opinion of your sex in America! It is impossible for any one to entertain a higher opinion of your countrywomen—as I hope

to show—as I trust my respect and admiration have always proved—nay, Powis, you, as an American, will exonerate me from this want of taste—judgment—feeling—”

Paul laughed, but told the embarrassed and really distressed baronet, that he should leave him in the very excellent hands into which he had fallen.

“You see yonder bird, that is sailing so gaily above the roofs of the village,” said Eve, pointing with her parasol in the direction she meant, for the three were walking together on the little lawn, in waiting for the appearance of the expected guests; “I dare say you are ornithologist enough to tell its vulgar name.”

“You are in the humour to be severe this morning—the bird is a common swallow.”

“One of which will not make a summer, as every one knows. Our cosmopolitism is already forgotten, and with it, I fear, our frankness.”

“Since Powis has hoisted his national colours, I do not feel so free on such subjects as formerly,” returned Sir George, smiling.

“When I thought I had a secret ally in him, I was not afraid to concede a little in such things, but his avowal of his country has put me on my guard. In no case, however, shall I admit my insensibility to the qualities of your countrywomen. Powis, as a native, may take that liberty ; for myself, I shall maintain that they are at least the equals of any females I know.”

“In *naïveté*, prettiness, delicacy of appearance, simplicity, and sincerity—”

“In sincerity, think you, dear Miss Effingham ?”

“In sincerity, above all things, dear Sir George Templemore. Sincerity—nay, frankness,—is the last quality I should think of denying them.”

“But to return to Mrs. Bloomfield—she is clever, exceedingly clever, I allow ; yet in what is her cleverness to be distinguished from that of one of her sex on the other side of the ocean ?”

“Perhaps there is no difference more prominent than that which shows itself in national characteristics. Naples and New York are in

the same latitude, and yet I think you will agree with me that there is little resemblance between the habits and tastes of their respective populations."

"I confess I do not understand the allusion; — are you quicker-witted, Powis?"

"I will not say that," said Paul; "but I think I do comprehend Miss Effingham's meaning. You have travelled enough to know that, as a rule, there is more aptitude in a southern than in a northern people. They receive impressions more readily, and are quicker in all their perceptions."

"I believe this to be true; but then you will allow that they are less constant, and have less perseverance?"

"In that we are agreed, Sir George Templemore," resumed Eve, "though we might differ as to the causes. The inconstancy of which you speak is more connected with moral than physical causes, perhaps, and we of this region might claim an exemption from some of them. But Mrs. Bloomfield is distinguished from her European rivals by

a frame so singularly feminine as to appear fragile, a delicacy of exterior which, were it not for that illumined face of hers, might indicate a general feebleness, a sensitiveness and quickness of intellect which amount almost to inspiration, and yet all is balanced by a practical common sense, that renders her as safe a counsellor as she is a warm friend. This latter quality causes you sometimes to doubt her genius, it is so very homely and available. Now, it is in this that I think the American woman, when she does rise above mediocrity, is particularly to be distinguished from the European. The latter, as a genius, is almost always in the clouds, whereas Mrs. Bloomfield, in her highest flights, is either all heart or all good sense. The nation is practical, and the practical qualities are imparted even to its highest order of talents."

"The English women are thought to be less excitable, and not so much under the influence of sentimentalism as some of their continental neighbours."

"And very justly—but—"

“But what, Miss Effingham?—There is, in all this, a slight return to the cosmopolitanism, that reminds me of our days of peril and adventure. Do not conceal a thought, if you wish to preserve that character.”

“Well, to be sincere, I shall say that your women live under a system too sophisticated and factitious to give fair play to common sense at all times. What, for instance, can be the habitual notions of one, who, professing the doctrines of Christianity, is accustomed to find money placed so very much in the ascendant, as to see it daily exacted in payment for the very first of the sacred offices of the church? It would be as rational to contend that a mirror which had been cracked into radii by a bullet, like those we have so often seen in Paris, would reflect faithfully, as to suppose a mind familiarized to such abuses would be sensitive on practical and common sense things.”

“But, my dear Miss Effingham, this is all habit.”

“I know it is all habit, Sir George Templemore, and a very bad habit it is. Even your

most devout clergymen become so accustomed to it, as not to see the capital mistake they make. I do not say it is absolutely sinful, where there is no compulsion ; but I hope you agree with me, Mr. Powis, when I say I think a clergyman ought to be so sensitive on such a subject as to refuse even the little offerings for baptisms that it is the practice of the wealthy of this country to make."

"I agree with you entirely, for it would denote a more vivid perception of the nature of the office they are performing, and they who wish to give can always make occasions."

"A hint might be taken from Franklin, who is said to have desired his father to ask a blessing on the pork barrel, by way of condensation," said John Effingham, who joined them as he spoke, and had also heard a part of the conversation. "In this instance, an average might be struck in the marriage fee that should embrace all future baptisms. But here comes neighbour Howel to favour us with his opinion. Do you like the usages of the English church, as respects baptisms, Howel?"

“ Mr. Howel is so true an Englishman,” said Eve, shaking hands cordially with their well-meaning neighbour, “ that he would give a certificate in favour of any usage which can boast such an origin.”

“ And is not this a more natural sentiment for an American than that which distrusts so much, merely because it comes from the little island ?” asked Sir George reproachfully.

“ Why, Sir George,” observed the gentleman alluded to, “ I do not attribute my respect for your country, in the least, to origin. I endeavour to keep myself free from all sorts of prejudice. My admiration of England arises from conviction, and I watch all her movements with the utmost jealousy, in order to see if I cannot find her tripping, though I feel bound to say I have never yet detected her in a single error. What a very different picture is afforded by France,— I hope your governess is not within hearing, Miss Eve; it is not her fault she was born a French woman, and one would not wish to hurt her feelings—but what a different picture France presents! I have watched her

narrowly, too, these forty years, I may say, and I have never yet found her right, and this you must allow is a great deal to be said by one who is thoroughly impartial."

"This is a terrible picture indeed, Howel, to come from an unprejudiced man," said John Effingham, "and I make no doubt Sir George Templemore will have a better opinion of himself for ever after; he for a valiant lion, and you for a true prince. But yonder is the 'exclusive extra,' which contains our party."

The elevated bit of lawn on which they were walking commanded a view of the road that led into the village, and the travelling vehicle engaged by Mrs. Hawker and her friends was now seen moving along it at a rapid pace. Eve expressed her satisfaction, and then all resumed their walk, as some minutes must still elapse previously to the arrival.

"Exclusive extra!" repeated Sir George; "that is a peculiar phrase, and one that denotes anything but democracy."

"In any other part of the world a thing would be sufficiently marked by being extra,

but here it requires the addition of 'exclusive,' in order to give it the 'tower stamp,'" said John Effingham, with a curl of his handsome lip. "Anything may be as exclusive as it pleases, provided it bear the public impress. A stage-coach being intended for everybody, why, the more exclusive it is the better. The next thing we shall hear of will be exclusive steam-boats, exclusive rail-roads, and both for the uses of the exclusive people."

Sir George now seriously asked an explanation of the meaning of the term, when Mr. Howel informed him that an 'extra,' in America, meant a supernumerary coach, to carry any excess of the ordinary number of passengers, whereas an 'exclusive extra' meant a coach expressly engaged by a particular individual.

"The latter, then, is American posting," observed Sir George.

"You have got the best idea of it that can be given," said Paul. "It is virtually posting with a coachman instead of postillions, as few persons in this country, where so much is ac-

complished by means of steam, think of using their own travelling carriages. The American 'exclusive extra' is not only posting, but, in many of the older parts of the country, it is posting of a very good quality."

"I dare say, now, that this is all wrong, if we only knew it," said the simple-minded Mr. Howel. "There is nothing exclusive in England,—ha! Sir George?"

Everybody laughed except the person who put this question; but the rattling of wheels and the tramping of horses on the village bridge announced the near approach of the travellers. By the time the party had reached the great door in front of the house, the carriage was already in the grounds, and at the next moment Eve was in the arms of Mrs. Bloomfield. It was apparent, at a glance, that the vehicle contained more than the expected number of guests, and as its contents were slowly discharged, the spectators stood around it with curiosity to observe who would appear.

The first person who descended, after the exit of Mrs. Bloomfield, was Captain Truck,

who, however, instead of saluting his friends, turned assiduously to the door he had just passed through to assist Mrs. Hawker to alight. Not until after this office had been performed did he even look for Eve, for so profound were the worthy captain's admiration and respect for this venerable lady, that she actually had supplanted our heroine in some measure in his heart. Mr. Bloomfield appeared next, and an exclamation of surprise and pleasure proceeded from both Paul and the baronet, as they caught a glimpse of the face of the last of the travellers that got out.

“Ducie!” cried Sir George; “this is even better than we expected.”

“Ducie!” added Paul, “you are several days before the expected time, and in excellent company.”

The explanation, however, was very simple. Captain Ducie had found the facilities for rapid motion much greater than he had expected, and he had reached Fort Plain, in the eastward cars, as the remainder of the party arrived in the westward. Captain Truck, who had met

Mrs. Hawker's party in the river boats, had been intrusted with the duty of making the arrangements ; and recognizing Captain Ducie, to their mutual surprise, while engaged in this employment, and ascertaining his destination, the latter was very cordially received into the " exclusive extra."

Mr. Effingham welcomed all his guests with the hospitality and kindness for which he was distinguished. We are no great admirers of the pretension to peculiar national virtues, having ascertained to our own satisfaction, by tolerably extensive observation, that the moral difference between men is of no great amount ; but we are almost tempted to say, on this occasion, that Mr. Effingham received his guests with American hospitality ; for if there be one quality that this people can claim to possess in a higher degree than most other Christian nations, it is that of a simple, sincere, confiding hospitality. For Mrs. Hawker, in common with all who knew her, the owner of the Wigwam entertained a profound respect, and though his less active mind did not take so much pleasure as that

of his daughter, in the almost intuitive intelligence of Mrs. Bloomfield, he also felt for this lady a very friendly regard. It gratified him exceedingly to see Eve surrounded by persons of her own sex of so high a tone of thought and breeding, which was at the same time completely removed from anything of a strained or artificial character, and his welcomes were cordial in proportion. Mr. Bloomfield was a quiet, sensible, gentlemanlike man, whom his wife fervently loved, without making any parade of her attachment, and he was also one who had the good sense to make himself agreeable wherever he went. Captain Ducie, who, Englishman like, had required some urging to be induced to present himself at the Wigwam before the precise hour named in his own letter, and who had seriously contemplated passing several days in a tavern previously to showing himself there, was agreeably disappointed at a reception that would have been just as frank and warm had he come without any notice at all. The Effinghams knew that the usages which sophistication and

a crowded population perhaps render necessary in older countries, were not needed in their own; and then the circumstance that their quondam pursuer was so near a kinsman to Paul Powis did not fail to act essentially in his favour.

“ We can offer but little, in these retired mountains, to interest a traveller and a man of the world, Captain Ducie,” said Mr. Effingham, when he went to pay his compliments more particularly, after the whole party was in the house; “ but there is a common interest in our past adventures to talk about when all other topics fail. When we met on the ocean, and you deprived us so unexpectedly of our friend Powis, we did not know that you had the better claim of affinity to his company.”

Captain Ducie coloured slightly, but he made his answer with a proper degree of courtesy and gratitude.

“ It is very true,” he added, “ Powis and myself are relatives, and I shall place all my claims to your hospitality on that circumstance,

for I feel that I have been the unwilling cause of too much suffering to your party to bring with me any very pleasant recollections, notwithstanding your kindness in including me as a friend in the adventures of which you speak."

"Dangers that are happily past seldom bring very unpleasant recollections, more especially when they are connected with scenes of excitement. I understand, sir, that the unhappy young man who was the principal cause of all that passed, anticipated the sentence of the law by destroying himself."

"He was his own executioner, and the victim of a silly weakness that, I should think, your state of society was yet too young and simple to encourage. The idle vanity of making an appearance—a vanity, by the way, that seldom besets gentlemen, or the class to which it may be thought more properly to belong—ruins hundreds of young men in England, and this poor creature was of the number. I never rejoiced more sincerely than when he quitted my ship, for the sight of so much weakness sickened one of human nature. Miserable as was

his fate, and pitiable as his condition really was, while in my charge, his case has the alleviating circumstance of having made me acquainted with those whom it might not otherwise have been my good fortune to meet."

This civil speech was properly acknowledged, and Mr. Effingham addressed himself to Captain Truck, to whom, in the hurry of the moment, he had not yet said half what his feelings dictated.

"I am rejoiced to see you under my roof, my worthy friend," said Mr. Effingham, taking the rough hand of the old seaman between his own whiter and more delicate fingers, and shaking it with cordiality, "for this is being under my roof, while those town residences have less the air of domestication and familiarity. You will spend many of your holidays here, I trust, and when we get to be a few years older we will begin to prattle about the marvels we have seen in company."

The eye of Captain Truck glistened, and as he returned the shake by another of twice the energy, and the gentle pressure of Mr. Effing-

ham by a squeeze like that of a vice, he said, in his honest, off-hand manner, "The happiest hour I ever knew was that in which I discharged the pilot, the first time out, as a ship-master; the next great event of my life, in the way of happiness, was the moment I found myself on the deck of the Montauk, after we had given those greasy Arabs a hint that their absence was better than their company; and I really think this very instant must be set down as the third. I never knew, my dear sir, how much I really loved your daughter until she was out of sight."

"That is so kind and gallant a speech that it ought not to be lost on the person most concerned. Eve, my love, our worthy friend has just made a declaration which will be a novelty to you, who have not been much in the way of listening to speeches of this nature."

Mr. Effingham then acquainted his daughter with what Captain Truck had just said.

"This is certainly the first declaration of the sort I ever heard, and with the simplicity of an unpractised young woman, I here avow that

the attachment is reciprocal," said the smiling Eve. "If there is an indiscretion in this hasty acknowledgment, it must be ascribed to surprise, and to the suddenness with which I have learned my power, for your *parvenues* are not always perfectly regulated."

"I hope Ma'm'selle V. A. V. is well," returned the captain, cordially shaking the hand the young lady had given him, "and that she enjoys herself to her liking in this outlandish country?"

"Mademoiselle Vieffville will return you her thanks in person at dinner; and, I believe, she does not yet regret *la belle France* unreasonably: as I regret it myself in many particulars, it would be unjust not to permit a native of the country some liberty in that respect."

"I perceive a strange face in the room—one of the family, my dear young lady?"

"Not a relative, but a very old friend.— Shall I have the pleasure of introducing you, captain?"

"I hardly dared to ask it, for I know you have some notions of your own about these

matters, but I confess I *should* like an introduction. I have neither introduced nor been introduced, since I left New York, with the exception of the case of Captain Ducie, whom I made properly acquainted with Mrs. Hawker and her party, as you may suppose. They knew each other regularly, and you are saved the trouble of making them acquainted."

"And how is it with yourself and the Bloomfields? Did Mrs. Hawker name you to them properly?"

"That is the most extraordinary thing of the sort I ever knew. Not a word was said in the way of introduction, and yet I slid into an acquaintance with Mrs. Bloomfield so easily, that I could not tell how it was done if my life depended on it. But this very old friend of yours, my dear young lady—"

"Captain Truck, Mr. Howel; Mr. Howel, Captain Truck," said Eve, imitating the most approved manner of the introductory spirit of the day with admirable self-possession and gravity. "I am fortunate in having it in my

power to make two persons whom I so much esteem acquainted."

" Captain Truck is the gentleman who commands the Montauk," said Mr. Howel, glancing at Eve, as much as to say, " am I right?"

" The very same, and the brave seaman to whom we are all indebted for the happiness of standing here at this moment."

" You are to be envied, Captain Truck ; of all the men in your calling you are exactly the one I should most wish to supplant. I understand you actually go to England twice every year !"

" Three times, sir, when the winds permit. I have even seen the old island four times between January and January."

" What a pleasure ! it must be the very perfection of navigation to sail between America and England !"

" It is not unpleasant, sir, from April to November, but the long nights, thick weather, and heavy winds, knock off a good deal of the satisfaction for the rest of the year."

“ But I speak of the country—of England itself—not of the passages.”

“ Well, England has what I call a pretty fair coast. It is high, and great attention is paid to the lights; but of what account is either coast or lights if the weather is so thick that you cannot see the end of your flying jib-boom?”

“ Mr. Howel alludes more particularly to the country inland,” said Eve; “ to the towns, the civilization, and to the other proofs of cultivation and refinement: to the government especially.”

“ In my judgment, sir, the government is much too particular about tobacco, and some other trifling things I could name. Then it restricts pennants to king's ships, whereas, to my notion, my dear young lady, a New York packet is as worthy of wearing a pennant as any vessel that floats. I mean, of course, ships of the regular European lines, and not the southern traders.”

“ But these are merely spots on the sun, my good sir,” returned Mr. Howel; “ putting a

few such trifles out of the question, I think you will allow that England is the most delightful country under the sun?"

"To be frank with you, Mr. Howel, there is a good deal of hang-dog weather in October, November, and December. I have known March anything but agreeable, and then April is just like a young girl with one of your melancholy novels, now smiling, and now blubbing."

"But the morals of the country, my dear sir; the moral features of England must be a source of never-dying delight to a true philanthropist," resumed Mr. Howel, as Eve, who perceived that the discussion was likely to be long, went to join the ladies again. "An Englishman has most reason to be proud of the moral excellences of his country!"

"Why, to be frank with you, Mr. Howel, there are some of the moral features of London that are anything but very beautiful. If you could pass twenty-four hours in the neighbourhood of St. Catharine's, you would see sights that would throw Templeton into fits. The

English are a handsome people, I allow, but their morality is none of the best featured."

"Let us be seated, sir; I am afraid we are not exactly agreed on our terms, and, in order that we may continue this subject, I beg you will let me take a seat next you at table."

To this Captain Truck very cheerfully assented, and then the two took chairs, continuing the discourse very much in the blind and ambiguous manner in which it had been commenced; the one party insisted on seeing everything through the medium of an imagination that had become diseased on such subjects, or through a species of monomania; while the other seemed obstinately determined to form his opinion of the entire country from the aspect which things presented to his limited and peculiar experience near St. Catharine's Docks."

"We have had a very unexpected and a very agreeable attendant in Captain Truck," said Mrs. Hawker pleasantly, when Eve had placed herself by her side, and respectfully taken one of her hands. "I do really think, if

I were to suffer shipwreck, or to run the hazards of captivity, I should choose to have both occur in his good company."

"Mrs. Hawker makes so many conquests," observed Mrs. Bloomfield, "that we are to think nothing of her success with this merman; but what will you say, Miss Effingham, when you learn that I am also in favour in the same high quarter? I shall think the better of masters and boatswains, Trinculos and Stephanos, as long as I live, for this specimen of their craft."

"Not Trinculos and Stephanos, dear Mrs. Bloomfield, for, *à l'exception près de* Saturday nights, and sweethearts and wives, a more exemplary person does not exist than our excellent Captain Truck. He is much too religious and moral for so vulgar an excess as drinking."

"Religious!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloomfield in surprise; "this is a merit to which I did not know he possessed the smallest claim. One might imagine a little superstition and some

short-lived repentances in gales of wind, in such a subject, but scarcely anything as much like a trade-wind as religion !”

“ Then you do not know him, for a more sincerely devout man, though I acknowledge it is after a fashion that is, perhaps, peculiar to the ocean, is not often met with : at any rate, you found him attentive to our sex ?”

“ The pink of politeness, and, not to embellish, there is a manly deference about him that is singularly agreeable to our frail vanity. This comes of his packet-training, I suppose, and we may thank you for some portion of his merit : his tongue never tires in your praise, and did I not feel persuaded that your mind is made up never to be the wife of any republican American, I should fear this visit exceedingly. Notwithstanding the remark I made concerning my being in favour, the affair lies between Mrs. Hawker and yourself. I know it is not your habit to trifle even on that very popular subject with young ladies—matrimony ; but this case forms so complete an exception to the vulgar passion, that I trust

you will overlook the indiscretion. Our *golden* captain, for *copper* he is not, protests that Mrs. Hawker is the most delightful old lady he ever knew, and that Miss Eve Effingham is the most delightful young lady he ever knew. Here then each may see the ground she occupies, and play her cards accordingly. I hope to be forgiven for touching on a subject so delicate."

"In the first place," said Eve, "I should wish to hear Mrs. Hawker's reply."

"I have no more to say than to express my gratitude," answered that lady, pleasantly, "to announce a determination not to change my condition yet, on account of extreme youth, and a disposition to abandon the field to any older, if not fairer rival."

"Well, then," resumed Eve, laughing, but anxious to change the subject, for she saw Paul approaching their group, "I believe it will be wisest in me to suspend my decision, circumstances leaving so much at my disposal. Time must show what that decision will be."

"Nay," said Mrs. Bloomfield, who saw no

reason for her trifling, "this is unjustifiable coquetry, and I feel bound to ascertain how the land lies. You will remember I am the captain's confidant, and you know the fearful responsibility of a friend in an affair of this sort; that of a friend in the duello being insignificant in comparison. That I may have testimony at need, Mr. Powis must be acquainted with the leading facts. Captain Truck is a devout admirer of this young lady, sir, and I am endeavouring to discover whether he ought to hang himself on her father's lawn this evening, as soon as the moon rises, or live another miserable week. In order to do this, I shall pursue the categorical and inquisitorial method; and so defend yourself, Miss Effingham. Do you object to the country of your admirer?"

Eve, though inwardly vexed at the turn this trifling had taken, maintained a perfectly composed manner, for she knew that Mrs. Bloomfield had too much feminine propriety to say anything improper intentionally, or anything that might seriously embarrass her.

“ It would indeed be extraordinary should I object to a country which is not only my own, but which has so long been that of my ancestors,” she answered steadily. “ On this score, my knight has nothing to fear.”

“ I rejoice to hear this,” returned Mrs. Bloomfield, glancing her eye, unconsciously to herself however, towards Sir George Templemore ; “ and, Mr. Powis, you, who I believe are a European, will learn humility in the avowal. Do you object to your swain that he is a seaman ?”

Eve blushed, notwithstanding a strong effort to appear composed, and for the first time since their acquaintance she felt provoked with Mrs. Bloomfield. She hesitated ; and this, too, in a way to give more meaning to her reply, although nothing could be further from her intentions before she answered in the negative.

“ The happy man *may* then be an American and a seaman ! Here is great encouragement. Do you object to sixty ?”

“ In any other man I should certainly con-

sider it a trifling blemish, as my own dear father is but fifty yet."

Mrs. Bloomfield was struck with the tremor in the voice, and with the air of embarrassment, in one who usually was so easy and collected, and with feminine sensitiveness she instantly abandoned the trifling, though she often recurred to this stifled emotion in the course of the day; and from that moment she became a silent observer of Eve's deportment with all her father's guests.

"This is hope enough for one day," she said, rising; "the profession and the flag must counterbalance the years as best they may. Mrs. Hawker, we shall be late at dinner, I see by that clock, unless we speedily retire."

Both the ladies now went to their rooms; Eve, who was already dressed for dinner, remaining in the drawing-room. Paul still stood before her, and, like herself, he seemed embarrassed.

"There are men who would be delighted to hear even the little that has fallen from your lips in this trifling," he said, as soon as

Mrs. Bloomfield was out of hearing. "To be an American and a seaman, then, are not serious defects in your eyes."

"Am I to be made responsible for Mrs. Bloomfield's caprice and pleasantries?"

"By no means; but I do think you hold yourself responsible for Miss Effingham's truth and sincerity. I can understand your silence when questioned too far, but I feel assured that any direct declaration of yours must possess both of these high qualities."

Eve looked up gratefully, for she saw that his profound respect for her character dictated the remark, but rising, she said, struggling not to betray herself,

"This is making a little *badinage* about our honest, lion-hearted old captain, a very serious affair. And now, to show you that I am conscious of and grateful for your own compliment, I shall place you on the footing of an old friend to both the parties, and request you will take Captain Truck into your especial care while he remains here. My father and

cousin are both sincerely his friends ; but their habits are not so much those of their guest as yours will probably be ; and to you, then, I commit him, with a request that he may miss his ship and the ocean as little as possible."

"I would I knew how to take this charge, Miss Effingham ! To be a seaman is not always a recommendation with the polished, intelligent, and refined."

"But when one is polished, intelligent, and refined, to be a seaman is to add one other particular and useful branch of knowledge to those which are more familiar. I feel certain Captain Truck will be in good hands, and now I will go and do my devoirs to my own especial charge, the ladies."

Eve bowed as she passed the young man, and she left the room with as much haste as became her. Paul stood motionless for a brief period after she had vanished, nor did he awaken from his reverie until called by an appeal from Captain Truck to sustain the latter in some of his matter-of-fact opinions

concerning England, against the visionary and bookish notions of Mr. Howel.

“Who is this Mr. Powis?” asked Mrs. Bloomfield of Eve, when the latter appeared in her dressing-room, with an impatience of manner and an abruptness unusual to her.

“You know, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, that he was our fellow-passenger in the Montauk, and that he was of infinite service to us in escaping from the Arabs.”

“All this I know, certainly; but he is a European, is he not?”

Eve scarcely ever felt more embarrassed than in answering this simple question.

“I believe not; at least, I think not; we thought so when we met him in Europe, and even until lately; but he has avowed himself a countryman of our own since his arrival at Templeton.”

“Has he been here long?”

“We found him in the village, on reaching home. He came from Canada, and has been waiting for his cousin, Captain Ducie, who came with you.”

“His cousin!—He has English cousins, then? Mr. Ducie kept this to himself, with true English reserve. Captain Truck whispered something of the latter’s having taken out one of his passengers, the Mr. Powis, the hero of the rocks; and I did not know of his having found his way back to our—to his country. Is he as agreeable as Sir George Templemore?”

“Nay, Mrs. Bloomfield, I must leave you to judge of that for yourself. I think them both agreeable men; but there is so much caprice in a woman’s taste, that I decline thinking for others.”

“He is a seaman, I believe,” observed Mrs. Bloomfield, with an abstracted manner—“he *must* be, to have manœuvred and managed as I have been told he did. Powis—Powis—that is not one of our names either;—he must be from the south, I should think.”

Here Eve’s habitual truth and dignity of mind did her good service, and prevented any further betrayal of her feelings.

“We do not know his family,” she an-

swered simply. "That he is a gentleman we see; but of his origin and connexions he never speaks."

"His profession would have given him the notions of a gentleman, for he was in the navy, I hear, although I had thought it the British navy. I do not know of any Powises in Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or Richmond, or Charleston; he must be from the interior."

Eve could scarcely condemn her friend for a curiosity that had not a little tormented herself, though she would gladly have changed the discourse.

"Mr. Powis would be gratified did he know what a subject of interest he is with Mrs. Bloomfield," she said, smiling.

"I confess he is; to be very sincere, I think him the most distinguished young man, in air, appearance, and expression of countenance, I ever saw. When this is coupled with what I have heard of his gallantry and coolness, my dear, I should not be woman to feel no interest in him. I would give the world to know of what state he is a native, if native in truth he be."

“For that we have his own words. He was born in this country, and was educated in our own marine.”

“And yet from the little that fell from him in our first short conversation, he struck me as being educated above his profession.”

“Mr. Powis has seen much as a traveller; when we met him in Europe, it was in a circle particularly qualified to improve both his mind and his manners.”

“Europe! Your acquaintance did not then commence, like that with Sir George Templemore, in the packet?”

“Our acquaintance with neither commenced in the packet. My father had often seen both these gentlemen during our residence in different parts of Europe.”

“And your father’s daughter?”

“My father’s daughter, too,” said Eve, laughing. “With Mr. Powis, in particular, we became acquainted under circumstances that left a vivid recollection of his manliness and professional skill. He was of almost as much

service to us, on one of the Swiss lakes, as, subsequently, on the ocean."

All this was news to Mrs. Bloomfield, and she looked as if she thought the intelligence interesting. At this moment the dinner-bell rang, and all the ladies descended to the drawing-room. The gentlemen were already assembled, and as Mr. Effingham led Mrs. Hawker to the table, Mrs. Bloomfield gaily took Eve by the arm, protesting that she felt herself privileged the first day to take a seat near the young mistress of the Wigwam.

"Mr. Powis and Sir George Templemore will not now quarrel about this honour," she said, in a low voice, as they proceeded towards the table.

"Indeed you are in an error, Mrs. Bloomfield; Sir George Templemore is much better pleased at being at liberty to sit next my cousin Grace."

"Can this be so?" returned the other, looking intently at her young friend.

"Indeed it is so, and I am very glad to

be able to affirm it. How far Miss Van Courtlandt is pleased that it is so, time must show ; but the baronet betrays every day, and all day, that he is happiest when permitted to be near my cousin."

"He is then a man of less taste, and judgment, and intelligence, than I had thought him !"

"Nay, dearest Mrs. Bloomfield ; this is not necessarily true, or, if true, need it be openly said ?"

"*Se non è vero, è ben trovato !*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable past.

BRYANT.

CAPTAIN DUCIE had retired for the night, and was sitting reading, when a low tap at his door roused him from a brown study. He gave the necessary permission, and the door was opened.

“ I hope, Ducie, you have not forgotten the secretary left among your effects,” said Paul, entering the room, “ and concerning which I wrote you when you were still at Quebec ?”

Captain Ducie pointed to the case which was standing among his other luggage on the floor of his room.

“Thank you for this care,” said Paul, taking the secretary under his arm, and retiring towards the door; “it contains papers of much importance to myself, and some that I have reason to think are of importance to others.”

“Stop, Powis; one word before you quit me. Is Templemore *de trop*?”

“Not at all; I have a sincere regard for Templemore, and should be sorry to see him leave us.”

“And yet I think it singular that a man of his habits should be rustivating among these hills, when I know he is expected to look at the Canadas, with a view to report their actual condition at home.”

“Is Sir George really intrusted with a commission of that sort?” inquired Paul with interest.

“Not with any positive commission, perhaps, for none was necessary. Templemore is a rich fellow, and has no need of appointments; but it is hoped and understood that he will look at the provinces, and report their

condition to the government. I dare say he will not be impeached for his negligence, but it will occasion surprise."

"Good night, Ducie; Templemore prefers a Wigwam to your walled Quebec, and *natives* to *colonists*; *voilà tout!*"

In a minute Paul was at the door of John Effingham's room, where he again tapped, and was again told to enter.

"Ducie has not forgotten my request, and this is the secretary that contains poor Mr. Monday's papers," he remarked, as he laid the case on a toilet-table, speaking in a way to show that he was expected. "We have, indeed, neglected this duty too long, and it is to be hoped no injustice or wrong to any one will be the consequence."

"Is that the package?" demanded John Effingham, extending a hand to receive a bundle of papers that Paul had taken from the secretary; "we will break the seals this moment, and ascertain what ought to be done before we sleep."

"These are papers of my own, and very

precious they are," returned the young man, regarding them for a moment with interest before he laid them on the toilet. "Here are the papers of Mr. Monday."

John Effingham received the package from his young friend, placed the lights conveniently on the table, put on his spectacles, and invited Paul to be seated. The gentlemen were placed opposite to each other; the duty of breaking the seals, and of first casting an eye at the contents of the different documents, devolving, as a matter of course, on the senior of the two, who in truth had alone been intrusted with them.

"Here is something signed by poor Monday himself, in the way of a general certificate," observed John Effingham, who read the paper himself, and then handed it to Paul. It was addressed, — "To all whom it may concern." The certificate was in the following words.

"I, John Monday, do declare and certify, that all the accompanying letters and documents are genuine and authentic. Jane Dowse,

to whom and from whom are so many letters, was my late mother, she having intermarried with Peter Dowse, the man so often named, and who led her into acts that I know she has since been deeply sorry for. In committing these papers to me, my poor mother left me the sole judge of the course I was to take, and I have put them in this form, in order that they may yet do good should I be called suddenly away. All depends on discovering who the person called Bright actually is, for he was never known to my mother by any other name. She knows him to have been an Englishman, however, and thinks he was, or had been, an upper servant in a gentleman's family.

“JOHN MONDAY.”

This paper was dated several years back, a sign that the disposition to do right had existed for some time in the mind of Mr. Monday, and all the letters and other papers had been carefully preserved. They also appeared to be regularly numbered, a precaution that much aided the investigations of

the two gentlemen. The original letters all spoke for themselves, and the copies had been made in a clear, strong, mercantile hand, and with the method of one accustomed to business. In short, so far as the contents of the different papers would allow, nothing was wanting to render the whole distinct and intelligible.

John Effingham read the paper, "No. I," with deliberation, though not aloud, and when he had done, he handed it to his young friend, coolly remarking—"That is the production of a deliberate villain."

Paul glanced his eye over the document, which was an original letter, signed "David Bright," and addressed to "Mrs. Jane Dowse." It was written with exceeding art, made many professions of friendship, spoke of the writer's knowledge of the woman's friends in England, and of her first husband in particular, and professed freely the writer's desire to serve her, while it also contained several ambiguous allusions to certain means of doing so, which should be revealed whenever the person to whom the

letter was addressed might discover a willingness to embark in the undertaking. This letter was dated "Philadelphia," and was addressed to one in New York, and it was of old date.

"This is, indeed, a rare specimen of villainy," said Paul, as he laid down the paper, "and has been written in some such spirit as that which actuated the devil when he tempted our common mother. I think I never read a better specimen of low, wily cunning."

"And judging by all that we already know, it would seem to have succeeded. In this letter you will find the gentleman a little more explicit, and only a little; though evidently encouraged by the interest and curiosity betrayed by the woman in this copy of the answer to his first epistle."

Paul read the letters just named, and then laid them aside to wait for the next, which was still in the hands of his companion.

"This is likely to prove a history of unlawful love, and of its miserable consequences," said John Effingham, in his cool manner, as he

handed the answers to letter "No. 2," and letter "No. 3," to Paul. "The world is full of such unfortunate adventurers, and I should think the parties English, by a hint or two you will find in this very honest and conscientious communication. Strong artificial, social, and political distinctions, render expedients of this nature more frequent, perhaps, in Great Britain than in any other country. Youth is the season of the passions, and many a man, in the thoughtlessness of that period, lays the foundation of bitter regrets for after life."

As John Effingham raised his eyes, in the act of extending his hand towards his companion, he perceived that the fresh, ruddy hue of his embrowned cheek deepened, until the colour diffused itself over the whole of his fine brow. At first, an unpleasant suspicion flashed on John Effingham, and he admitted it with regret, for Eve and her future happiness had become closely associated in his mind with the character and conduct of the young man; but when Paul took the

papers steadily, and by an effort seemed to subdue all unpleasant feelings, the calm dignity with which he read them completely effaced the disagreeable distrust. It was then John Effingham remembered that he had once believed Paul himself might be the fruits of the heartless indiscretion he condemned. Commiseration and sympathy instantly took the place of the first impression, and he was so much absorbed with these feelings, that he had not taken up the letter which was to follow, when Paul laid down the papers he had been required to read.

“ This does, indeed, sir, seem to foretel one of those painful histories of unbridled passion, with their more painful consequences,” said the young man, with the steadiness of one who was unconscious of having a personal connexion with any event of a nature so unpleasant. “ Let us examine farther.”

John Effingham felt emboldened by these encouraging signs of unconcern, and he read the succeeding letters aloud, so that they learned their contents simultaneously. The

next six or eight communications betrayed nothing distinctly beyond the fact that the child which formed the subject of the whole correspondence was to be received by Peter Dowse and his wife, and to be retained as their own offspring, for the consideration of a considerable sum, with an additional engagement to pay an annuity. It appeared by these letters, also, that the child, which was hypocritically alluded to under the name of the "pet," had been actually transferred to the keeping of Jane Dowse, and that several years had passed, after this arrangement, before the correspondence terminated. Most of the latter letters referred to the payment of an annuity, although they all contained cold inquiries of the "pet," and answers so vague and general, as sufficiently to prove that the name was singularly misapplied. In the whole, there were some thirty or forty letters, each of which had been punctually answered, and their dates covered a space of nearly twelve years.

The perusal of all these papers consumed an hour, and when John Effingham laid his

spectacles on the table, the village clock struck the hour of midnight.

“As yet,” he observed, “we have learned little more than the fact that a child was made to take a false character, without possessing any other clew to the circumstances than is given in the names of the parties, all of whom are evidently obscure, and one of the most material of whom, we are plainly told, must have borne a fictitious name. Even poor Monday, in possession of so much collateral testimony that we want, could not have known precisely what injustice was done, if any, or certainly, with the intentions he manifests, he would not have left that important particular in the dark.”

“This is likely to prove a complicated affair,” returned Paul, “and it is not very clear that we can be of any immediate service. As you are probably fatigued, we may, without impropriety, defer the further examination to another time.”

To this John Effingham assented, and Paul, during the short conversation that followed;

brought the secretaire from the toilet to the table, along with that bundle of important papers which belonged to himself, to which he had alluded, and was for some time employed in replacing the whole in the drawer from which they had been taken.

“All the formalities about the seals, that were observed when poor Monday gave us his packet, would seem to be unnecessary,” he remarked while thus occupied, “and it will probably be sufficient if I leave the secretaire in your room, and keep the keys myself.”

“One never knows,” returned John Effingham, with the greater caution of experience and age; “we have not yet read all the papers, and there are wax and light before us; each has his watch and seal, and it will be the work of a minute only to replace everything as we left the package originally. When this is done, you may leave the secretaire; or remove it at your own pleasure.”

“I will leave it; for though it usually contains so much that I prize, and which is really of great importance to myself, it con-

tains nothing for which I shall have immediate occasion."

"In that case it were better that I place the package, in which we have a common interest, in an *armoire*, or in that secretaire of my own; and that you keep your own property more immediately under your own eye."

"That is immaterial, unless this case will inconvenience you; for I do not know that I am not happier when it is out of my sight, so long as I feel certain of its security, than when it is constantly before my eyes."

Paul said this with a forced smile, and there was a sadness in his manner and countenance that excited all the sympathy of his companion. The latter, however, merely bowed his assent; the papers were replaced, and the secretaire was locked and deposited in an *armoire* in silence. Paul was then about to wish the other good night, when John Effingham seized his hand, and by a gentle effort induced him to resume his seat. An embarrassing but short pause succeeded, and the latter spoke.

"We have suffered enough together in com-

pany, and have seen each other in situations of sufficient trial to be friends," he said. "I should feel mortified, did I believe you could think me influenced by an improper curiosity, in wishing to share more of your confidence than you are perhaps willing to bestow, and I trust you will attribute to its right motive the liberty I am now taking. Age makes some difference between us, and the sincere and strong interest I feel in your welfare ought to give me a small claim not to be treated as a total stranger. So jealous and watchful has this interest been—I might with great truth call it affection—that I have discovered you are not situated exactly as other men of your condition in life are situated, and I feel persuaded that the sympathy, perhaps the advice, of one so many years older than yourself, might be useful. You have already said so much to me on the subject of your personal situation, that I almost feel a right to ask to know more."

John Effingham uttered this in his mildest and most winning manner, and few men could

carry with them, on such an occasion, more of persuasion in their voice and look. Paul's features worked, and it was evident to his companion that he was moved, while at the same time he was not displeased.

“ I am grateful, deeply grateful, sir, for this interest in my happiness,” Paul answered ; “ and if I knew the particular points on which you desire information, there is nothing that I can wish to conceal. Have the further kindness to question me, Mr. Effingham, that I need not touch on things that you do not care to hear.”

“ All that really concerns your welfare would have an interest with me. You have been the agent of rescuing not only myself, but those whom I most love, from a fate worse than death ; and being a childless bachelor myself, I have more than once thought of attempting to supply the place of those natural friends that I fear you have lost. Your parents ——”

“ Are both dead. I never knew either,” said Paul, with a melancholy smile, “ and

will most cheerfully accept your generous offer, if you will allow me to attach to it one condition."

"Beggars must not be choosers," returned John Effingham, "and if you will suffer me to feel this interest in you, and occasionally to share in the confidence of a father, I shall not insist on any unreasonable terms. What is your condition?"

"That the word money may be struck out of our vocabulary, and that you leave your will unaltered. Were the world to be examined, you could not find a worthier or a lovelier heiress than the one you have already selected, and whom Providence itself has given. Compared with yourself I am not rich, but I have a gentleman's income; and as I shall probably never marry, it will suffice for all my wants."

John Effingham was more pleased than he cared to express with this frankness, and with the secret sympathy that had existed between them; but he smiled at the injunction, for with Eve's knowledge, and with her father's

entire approbation, he had actually made a codicil to his will, in which he had left their young protector one half of his large fortune.

“The will may remain untouched, if you desire it,” he answered evasively, “and that condition is disposed of. I am glad to learn so directly from yourself, what your manner of living and the reports of others had prepared me to hear, that you are independent. This fact alone will place us solely on our mutual esteem, and render the friendship that I hope is now brought within a covenant, if not now first established, more equal and frank. You have seen much of the world, Powis, for one of your years and profession.”

“It is usual to think that men of my profession see much of the world, as a consequence of their pursuits, though I agree with you, sir, that this is seeing the world only in a very limited circle. It is now several years since circumstances—I might almost say an imperative order of one whom I was bound to obey—induced me to abandon my profession, and since that time I have done little else but travel.

Owing to certain adventitious causes, I have enjoyed an access to European society that few of our countrymen possess, and I hope the advantage has not been entirely thrown away. It was as a traveller on the continent of Europe that I had the pleasure of first meeting with Mr. and Miss Effingham. I was much abroad, even as a child, and owe some skill in the foreign languages to that circumstance."

"So my cousin has informed me. You have set the question of your country at rest by declaring that you are an American, and yet I find you have English relatives. Captain Ducie, I believe, is your kinsman?"

"He is; we are sisters' children, though our friendship has not always been such as the connexion would infer. When Ducie and myself met at sea, there was an awkwardness if not a coolness in the interview, that, coupled with my sudden return to England, I fear did not make the strongest impression in my favour on those who witnessed what passed."

“ We had confidence in your principles,” said John Effingham with a frank simplicity, “ and though the first surmises were not pleasant perhaps to any on board, a little reflection told us that there were no just grounds for suspicion.”

“ Ducie is a fine, manly fellow, and has a seaman’s generosity and sincerity : I had last parted from him on the field, where we appeared as enemies ; and the circumstance rendered the unexpected meeting awkward. Our wounds no longer smarted, it is true, but, perhaps, we both felt shame and sorrow that they had ever been inflicted.”

“ It should be a very serious quarrel that could arm sisters’ children against each other,” said John Effingham gravely.

“ I admit as much. But, at that time, Captain Ducie was not disposed to admit the consanguinity, and the offence grew out of an intemperate resentment of some of his imputations on my birth, and, as two military men, the issue could scarcely be avoided. Ducie challenged, and I was not then in a

humour to balk him. A couple of flesh wounds happily terminated the affair. But an interval of three years had enabled my enemy to discover that he had not done me justice, that I had been causelessly provoked to the quarrel, and that we ought to be firm friends. The generous desire to make a suitable expiation, urged him to seize the first occasion of coming to America that offered; and when he chased the *Montauk*, in obedience to a telegraphic communication from London, he was hourly expecting sailing orders for our seas, where he wished to come, expressly that we might meet. You will judge, therefore, how happy he was to find me unexpectedly in the vessel that contained his principal object of pursuit, thus killing, as it might be, two birds with one stone."

"And did he carry you away with any such murderous intention?" demanded John Effingham smiling.

"By no means; nothing could be more amicable than Ducie and myself became when we had been a few hours together in

his cabin. As often happens, where there has been violent antipathies and unreasonable prejudices, a nearer view of each other's characters and motives removed every obstacle, and long before we reached England, two warmer friends could not be found, or a more frank intercourse between relatives could not be desired. You are aware, sir, that our English cousins do not often view their cis-Atlantic relatives with the most lenient eyes."

"This is but too true," said John Effingham proudly, though his lip quivered as he spoke, "and it is in a great measure the fault of that miserable mental bondage, which has left this country, after sixty years of nominal independence, so much at the mercy of a hostile foreign opinion. It is necessary that we respect ourselves, in order that others should respect us."

"I agree with you, sir, entirely. In my case, however, previous injustice induced my relatives to receive me better, perhaps, than they might otherwise have been disposed to do. I had little to ask in the way of fortune, and feel-

ing no disposition to raise a question that might disturb the peerage of the Ducies, I became a favourite."

"A peerage! — Both your parents, then, were English?"

"Neither, I believe; but the connexion between the two countries was so close, that it can occasion no surprise that a right of this nature should have passed into the colonies. My mother's mother became the heiress of one of those ancient baronies that pass to the heirs general, and, in consequence of the death of two brothers, these rights, which, however, were never actually possessed by any of the previous generation, centered in my mother and my aunt. The former being dead, as was contended, without issue —"

"You forget yourself!"

"Lawful issue," added Paul, reddening to the temples, "I should have added. Mrs. Ducie, who was married to the younger son of an English nobleman, claimed and obtained the rank. My pretension would have left the peerage in abeyance, and I probably owe

some little opposition I found to that circumstance. But after Ducie's generous conduct, I could not hesitate about joining in the application to the crown, that by its decision the abeyance might be determined in favour of the person who was in possession, and Lady Dunluce is now legally confirmed in her claim."

"There are many young men in this country who would cling to the hopes of a British peerage with greater tenacity!"

"It is probable there are; but my self-denial is not of a very high order, for it could scarcely be expected that the English ministers would consent to give the rank to a foreigner, who did not hesitate about avowing his principles and national feelings. I shall not say I did not covet this peerage, for it would be supererogatory; but I am born an American, and will die an American; and an American who even swaggers about such a claim, is like the daw among the peacocks. The less that is said about it the better."

"You are fortunate in having escaped the

journals, which most probably would have *begraced* you, by elevating you at once to the rank of a duke.”

“Instead of which, I had no other station than that of the dog in the manger. If it makes my aunt happy to be called Lady Dunluce, I am sure she is welcome to the privilege, and when Ducie succeeds her, as one day will be the case, an excellent fellow will be a peer of England. *Voilà tout!* You are the only countryman, sir, to whom I have ever spoken of the circumstance, and with you I trust it will remain a secret.”

“What! am I precluded from mentioning the facts in my own family? I am not the only sincere, the only warm friend, you have in this house, Powis.”

“In that respect I leave you to act according to your own pleasure, my dear sir; if Mr. Effingham feels sufficient interest in my fortunes to wish to hear what I have told you, let there be no silly mysteries; or—or if Mademoiselle Viefville—”

“Or Nanny Sidley, or Annette,” interrupt-

ed John Effingham, with a kind smile. "Well, trust to me for that; but, before we separate for the night, I wish to ascertain, beyond a question, one other fact, although the circumstances you have stated scarcely leave a doubt of the reply."

"I understand you, sir, and did not intend to leave you in any doubt on that important particular. If there can be a feeling more painful than all others with a man of any pride, it is to distrust the purity of his mother. Mine was beyond reproach, thank God, and so it was most clearly established, or I could certainly have had no legal claim to the peerage."

"Or to your fortune," added John Effingham, drawing a long breath, like one suddenly relieved from an unpleasant suspicion.

"My fortune comes from neither parent, but from one of those generous dispositions, or caprices, if you will, that sometimes induce men to adopt those who are alien to their blood. My guardian adopted me, took me abroad with him, placed me, quite young,

in the navy, and finally left me all he possessed. As he was a bachelor, with no near relative, and had been the founder of his own fortune, I could have no hesitation about accepting the gift he so liberally bequeathed. It was coupled with the condition that I should retire from the service, travel for five years, return home, and marry. There is no silly forfeiture exacted in either case, but such is the general course solemnly advised by a man who showed himself my true friend so many years."

"I envy him the opportunity he enjoyed of serving you. I hope he would have approved of your national pride, for I believe we must put that at the bottom of your disinterestedness in the affair of the peerage."

"He would indeed, although he never knew of the claim, which arose out of the death of the two lords who preceded my aunt, and who were the brothers of my grandmother. My guardian was in all respects a man, and in nothing more than in a manly national pride. While abroad, a decoration

was offered him, and he declined it with the character and dignity of one who felt that distinctions which his country repudiates, every gentleman belonging to that country ought to reject ; yet he did it with a respectful gratitude for the compliment that was due to the government which made the offer."

"I almost envy that man," said John Effingham with warmth. "To have appreciated you, Powis, was a mark of a high judgment ; but it seems he properly appreciated himself, his country, and human nature."

"And yet he was little appreciated himself ! That man passed years in one of our larger towns, of no more apparent account among its population than any one of its common spirits, and of not half so much as one of its bustling brokers or jobbers."

"In that there is nothing surprising. The class of the chosen few is too small everywhere, to be very numerous at any given point, and more especially so in a scattered population like that of America. The broker will as naturally appreciate the broker

as the dog appreciates the dog, or the wolf the wolf. Least of all is the manliness you have named likely to be valued among a people who have been put into men's clothes before they are out of leading strings. I am older than you, my dear Paul,"—it was the first time John Effingham had ever used so familiar an appellation, and the young man thought it sounded kindly—"I am older than you, my dear Paul, and will venture to tell you an important fact, that may hereafter lessen some of your mortifications. In most nations there is a high standard to which men, at least, affect to look; and acts are extolled, and seemingly appreciated, for their naked merit. Little of this exists in America, where no man is much praised for himself, but for the purposes of party, or to feed national vanity. In the country in which, of all others, political opinion ought to be the freest, it is the most persecuted, and the community-character of the nation induces every man to think he has a right of property in all its fame. England exhibits a great deal of this weakness and injustice, which, it is to be feared,

is a vicious fruit of liberty, for it is certain that the sacred nature of opinion is most appreciated in those countries in which it has the least efficiency. We are constantly deriding those governments which fetter opinion, and yet I know of no nation in which the expression of opinion is so certain to attract persecution and hostility as our own, though it may be, and is so free by law."

"This arises from its potency. Men quarrel about opinion here because opinion rules. It is but one mode of struggling for power. But to return to my guardian; he was a man to think and act for himself, and as far from the magazine and newspaper existence that most Americans pass, in a moral sense at least, as any man could be."

"It is indeed a newspaper and a magazine existence!" said John Effingham, smiling at Paul's terms. "To know life only through such mediums is as bad as the condition of those English who form their notion of society from novels written by men and women who have no access to it, and from the records of the Court

Journal. I thank you sincerely, Mr. Powis, for this confidence, which has not been idly solicited on my part, and which shall not be abused. At no distant day we will break our seals again, and renew our investigations into this affair of the unfortunate Monday, which is not very promising at present in the way of revelations."

The gentlemen shook hands cordially, and Paul, lighted by his companion, withdrew. When the young man was at the door of his room he turned, and saw John Effingham following him with his eye. The latter then repeated the good night with one of those winning smiles that rendered his face so handsome, and each retired.

CHAPTER XIX.

Item, a capon, 2s. 2*d.*

Item, sauce, 4*d.*

Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8*d.*

Item, bread, a halfpenny.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE next day John Effingham made no allusion to the conversation of the previous night, though the squeeze of the hand given to Paul when they met was an assurance that nothing was forgotten. As he had a secret pleasure in obeying any injunction of Eve's, the young man himself sought Captain Truck even before they had breakfasted, and, as he had made an acquaintance with "the commodore" on the lake previously to the arrival of the Effinghams, that worthy was summoned, and regularly introduced to the honest ship-master.

The meeting between these two distinguished men was grave, ceremonious, and dignified, each, probably, feeling that he was temporarily the guardian of a particular portion of an element that was equally dear to both. After a few minutes passed, as it might be, in the preliminary points of etiquette, a better feeling and more confidence were established, and it was settled that they should fish in company most of the day, Paul promising to row the ladies out on the lake in the course of the afternoon, if he had influence enough to induce them to accompany him.

As the party quitted the breakfast table, Eve took an occasion to thank the young man for his attention to their common friend, who, it had been reported, had taken his morning's repast at an early hour, and was already on the lake, the day, by this time, having advanced within two hours of noon.

“ I have dared even to exceed your instructions, Miss Effingham,” said Paul, “ for I have promised the captain to endeavour to persuade you, and as many of the ladies as possible, to

trust yourselves to my seamanship, and to submit to be rowed to the spot where we shall find him and his friend the commodore riding at anchor, or to repair to the Point for a pic-nic, as you may determine."

"An engagement that my influence shall be used to see fulfilled. Mrs. Bloomfield has already expressed a desire to go on the Otsego water, and I make no doubt I shall find other companions. Once more let me thank you for this little attention, for I too well know your taste not to understand that you might find a more agreeable ward."

"Upon my word I feel a sincere regard for our old captain, and could often wish for no better companion. Were he, however, as disagreeable as I find him, in truth, pleasant and frank, your wishes would conceal his faults."

"You have learned, Mr. Powis, that small attentions are as much remembered as important services, and, after having saved our lives, you wish to prove that you can discharge *les petits devoirs sociaux* as well as perform great deeds. I trust you will persuade Sir George Temple-

more to be of our party, and at four we shall be ready to accompany you; until then I am contracted to a gossip with Mrs. Bloomfield in her dressing-room."

We shall now leave the party on the land, and follow those who have already taken boat, or the fishermen. The beginning of the intercourse between the salt-water navigator and his fresh-water companion was again a little constrained and critical. Their professional terms agreed as little as possible, for when the captain used the expression, "ship the oars," the commodore understood just the reverse of what it had been intended to express; and once, when he told his companion to "give way," the latter took the hint so literally as actually to cease his efforts. All these little niceties induced the worthy ship-master to undervalue his companion, who, in the main, was very skilful in his particular pursuit, though it was a skill that he exerted after the fashions of his own lake, and not after the fashions of the ocean. Owing to several *contre-tems* of this nature, by the time they reached the fishing

ground, the captain began to entertain a feeling for the commodore that ill comported with the deference due to his titular rank.

“ I have come out with you, commodore,” said Captain Truck, when they had got to their station, and laying a peculiar emphasis on the appellation he used, “ in order to enjoy myself, and you will confer an especial favour on me by not using such phrases as ‘ cable-rope,’ ‘ casting anchor,’ and ‘ titivating.’ As for the two first, no seaman ever uses them, and I never heard such a word on board ship as the last. D—e, if I believe it is to be found in the dictionary even.”

“ You amaze me, sir ! ‘ casting anchor ’ and ‘ cable-rope ’ are both Bible phrases, and they must be right.”

“ That by no means follows, commodore, as I have some reason to know, for my father having been a parson, and I being a seaman, we may be said to have the whole subject in the family. St. Paul—you have heard of such a man as St. Paul, commodore ?”

“ I know him almost as well as I know this

lake, sir; but St. Peter and St. Andrew were the men most after my heart. Ours is an ancient calling, sir, and in those two instances you see to what a fisherman can rise. I do not remember to have ever heard of a sea captain who was converted into a saint."

"Ay, ay; there is always too much to do on board ship, to leave time to be much more than a beginner in religion. There was my mate, v'y'ge before last, Tom Leach, who is now master of a ship of his own, had he been brought up to it properly, he would have made as conscientious a parson as his grandfather before him did. Such a man would have been a seaman, as well as a parson. I have little to say against St. Peter or St. Andrew, but in my judgment they are none the better for having been fishermen; and, if the truth were known, I dare say they were at the bottom of introducing such lubberly phrases into the Bible as 'casting anchor' and 'cable-rope.'

"Pray, sir," asked the commodore with dignity, "what are *you* in the practice of saying when you speak of such matters?—for, to be

frank with you, *we* always use such terms on these lakes.”

“ That I can believe, for there is a strong fresh-water smell about them. We say ‘ anchor,’ or ‘ let go the anchor,’ or ‘ drop the anchor,’ or some such reasonable expression ; and not ‘ cast anchor,’ as if a bit of iron, weighing two or three tons, is to be jerked about like a stone big enough to kill a bird with. As for the ‘ cable-rope,’ as you call it, we say the ‘ cable,’ or ‘ the chain,’ or the ‘ ground tackle,’ according to reason and circumstances. You never heard a real ‘ salt ’ flourishing his ‘ cable-ropes,’ and his ‘ casting anchor,’ which are altogether too sentimental and particular for his manner of speaking. As for ‘ ropes,’ I suppose you have not got to be a commodore, and need being told how many there are in a ship.”

“ I do not pretend to have counted them, but I have seen a ship, sir, and under full sail, and I know there were as many ropes about her as there are pines on the Vision.”

“ Are there more than seven of these trees

on your mountain? for that is just the number of ropes in a merchant-man, though a man-of-war's-man counts one or two more."

"You astonish me, sir! Only seven ropes in a ship?—I should have said there are seven hundred!"

"I dare say—I dare say; that is just the way in which a landsman pretends to criticise a vessel. As for the ropes, I will now give you their names, and then you can lay athwart hawse of these canoe gentry by the hour, and teach them their grammar, as well as a little modesty, and both at the same time too. In the first place," continued the captain, jerking uselessly at his line, and then beginning to count on his fingers, "there is the 'man-rope,' then come the 'bucket-rope,' the 'tiller-rope,' the 'bolt-rope,' the 'foot-rope,' the 'top-rope,' and the 'limber-rope.' I have followed the seas now more than half a century, and never yet heard of a 'cable-rope' from any one who could hand, reef, and steer."

"Well, sir, every man to his trade," said

the commodore, who just then pulled in a fine pickerel, which was the third he had taken, while his companion rejoiced in no more than in a few fruitless bites, "you are more expert in ropes than in lines, it would seem. I shall not deny your experience and knowledge, but, in the way of fishing, you will at least allow that the sea is no great school. I dare say, now, if you were to hook the 'sogdollager,' we should have you jumping into the lake to get rid of him. Probably, sir, you never even heard of that celebrated fish."

Now, notwithstanding the many excellent qualities of Captain Truck, he had a weakness that is rather peculiar to a class of men who, having seen so much of this earth, are unwilling to admit they have not seen it all. The little brush he was now engaged in with the commodore he conceived due to his own dignity, and his motive was duly to impress his companion with his superiority, which having been fairly admitted, he would have been ready enough to acknowledge that the other understood pike-fishing much better than himself. But it was quite

too early in the discussion to make any such avowal, and the supercilious remarks of the commodore putting him on his mettle, he was ready to affirm he had eaten "sogdollagers" for breakfast, a month at a time, had it been necessary.

"Pooh! pooh! man," returned the captain, with an air of cool indifference, "you do not surely fancy that you have anything in a lake like this, that is not to be found in the ocean? If you were to see a whale's flukes threshing your puddle, every cruiser among you would run for a port, and as for 'sogdollagers,' we think little of them in salt water; the flying fish, or even the dry dolphin, being much the best eating."

"Sir," said the commodore, with some heat, and a great deal of emphasis, "there is but *one* 'sogdollager' in the world, and he is in this lake. No man has ever seen him but my predecessor, the 'Admiral,' and myself."

"Bah!" ejaculated the captain; "they are as plenty as soft clams in the Mediterranean, and the Egyptians use them as a pan fish. In

the East they catch them to bait with for hallibut and other middling sized creatures, that are particular about their diet. It is a good fish, I own, as is seen in this very circumstance."

"Sir," repeated the commodore, flourishing his hand, and waxing warm with his earnestness, "there is but one sogdollager in the universe, and that is in Lake Otsego! The sogdollager is a salmon trout, and a species; a sort of father to all the salmon trout in this part of the world; a scaly patriarch."

"I make no doubt *your* sogdollager is scaly enough; but what is the use of wasting words about such a trifle? A whale is the only fish fit to occupy a gentleman's thoughts. As long as I have been at sea, I have never witnessed the taking of more than three whales."

This allusion happily preserved the peace; for if there were anything in the world for which the commodore entertained a profound but obscure reverence, it was for a whale. He even thought better of a man for having actually seen one gambolling in the freedom of

the ocean, and his mind became suddenly oppressed by the glory of a mariner who had passed his life among such gigantic animals. Shoving back his cap, the old man gazed steadily at the captain a minute, and his displeasure about the "sogdollagers" vanished, though in his inmost mind he set down all that the other had told him on that particular subject as so many parts of a regular "fish story."

"Captain Truck," he said, with solemnity, "I acknowledge myself to be but an ignorant and inexperienced man, one who has passed his life on this lake, which, broad and beautiful as it is, must seem a pond in the eyes of a seaman like yourself, who have passed your days on the Atlantic."

"Atlantic!" interrupted the captain contemptuously; "I should have but a poor opinion of myself had I seen nothing but the Atlantic! Indeed, I never can believe I am at sea at all on the Atlantic, the passages between New York and Portsmouth being little more than so much canalling along a tow-path. If

you wish to say anything about oceans, talk of the Pacific, or of the great South Sea, where a man may run a month with a fair wind, and hardly go from island to island. Indeed, that is an ocean in which there is a manufactory of islands, for they turn them off in lots to supply the market, and of a size to suit customers."

"A manufactory of islands!" repeated the commodore, who began to entertain an awe of his companion that he never expected to feel for any human being on Lake Otsego; "are you certain, sir, there is no mistake in this?"

"None in the least; not only islands, but whole archipelagos, are made annually by the sea insects in that quarter of the world; but then you are not to form your notions of an insect in such an ocean by the insects you may find in such a bit of water as this."

"As big as our pickerel, or salmon, I dare say," returned the commodore, in the simplicity of his heart; for by this time his local and exclusive conceit was thoroughly hum-

bled, and he was ready to believe almost anything.

“ I say nothing of their size, for it is to their numbers and industry that I principally allude. Now, a solitary shark, I dare say, would set your whole lake in commotion ?”

“ I think we might manage a shark, sir. I once saw one of these animals, and I do really believe the sogdollager would outweigh him. I do think we might manage a shark, sir.”

“ Ay, you mean an inshore, high-latitude fellow ; but what would you say to a shark as long as one of those pines on the mountains ?”

“ Such a monster would take in a man, whole ?”

“ A man ! He would take in a platoon, Indian file. I dare say one of those pines, now, may be thirty or forty feet high !” A gleam of intelligence and of exultation shot across the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman, for he detected a weak spot in the other’s knowledge. The worthy captain, with

that species of exclusiveness which generally accompanies excellence in any one thing, was quite ignorant of most matters that pertained to the land. That there should be a tree, so far inland, that was longer than his main-yard, he did not think probable, although that yard itself was made of part of a tree, and in the laudable intention of impressing his companion with the superiority of a real seaman over a fresh-water navigator, he had inadvertently laid bare a weak spot in his estimate of heights and distances, that the commodore seized upon with some such avidity as the pike seizes the hook. This accidental mistake alone saved the latter from an abject submission, for the cool superiority of the captain had so far deprived him of his conceit, that he was almost ready to acknowledge himself no better than a dog, when he caught a glimpse of light through this opening.

“There is not a pine that can be called of age on all that mountain which is not more than a hundred feet high, and many are nearer two,” he cried in exultation, flourishing his

hand furiously. "The sea may have its big monsters, captain, but our hills have their big trees. Did you ever see a shark of half that length?"

Now Captain Truck was a man of truth, although so much given to occasional humorous violations of its laws, and withal a little disposed to dwell upon the marvels of the great deep in the spirit of exaggeration, and he could not in conscience affirm anything so extravagant as this. He was accordingly obliged to admit his mistake, and from this moment the conversation was carried on with a greater regard to equality. They talked, as they fished, of politics, religion, philosophy, human nature, the useful arts, abolition, and most other subjects that would be likely to interest a couple of Americans, who had nothing to do but to twitch, from time to time, at two lines dangling in the water. Although few people possess less of the art of conversation than our own countrymen, no other nation takes so wide a range in its discussions. He is but a very

indifferent American that does not know, or thinks he knows, a little of everything, and neither of our worthies was in the least backward in supporting the claims of the national character in this respect. This general discussion completely restored amity between the parties, for, to confess the truth, our old friend the captain was a little rebuked about the affair of the tree. The only peculiarity worthy of notice, that occurred in the course of their various digressions, was the fact that the commodore insensibly began to style his companion "general,"—the usages of the country, in his eyes, appearing to require that a man who had seen so much more than himself, should at least enjoy a title equal to his own in rank, and that of admiral being proscribed by the sensitiveness of republican principles.

After fishing a few hours, the old laker pulled the skiff up to the Point so often mentioned, when he lighted a fire on the grass, and prepared dinner. When everything was ready, the two seated themselves, and

began to enjoy the fruits of their labours, in a way that will be understood by all sportsmen.

“I have never thought of asking you, general,” said the commodore, as he began to masticate a perch, “whether you are an aristocrat or democrat. We have had the government pretty much upside down, too, this morning, but this question has escaped me.”

“As we are here, by ourselves, under these fine oaks, and talking like two old messmates,” returned the general, with his mouth half filled, “I shall just own the truth, and make no bones of it. I have been captain of my own ship so long, that I have a most thorough contempt for all equality. It is a vice that I deprecate, and, whatever may be the laws of this country, I am of opinion that equality is nowhere borne out by the law of nations; which, after all, commodore, is the only true law for a gentleman to live under.”

“That is the law of the strongest, if I understand the matter, general?”

“But reduced to rules. The law of na-

tions, to own the truth to you, is full of categories, and this gives an enterprising man an opportunity to make his fortune. Would you believe, commodore, that there are countries in which they lay taxes on tobacco?"

"Taxes on tobacco! Sir, I never heard of such an act of oppression under the form of law! What has tobacco done, that any one should think of taxing it?"

"I believe, commodore, that its greatest offence is being so general a favourite. Taxation, I have found, is different from most other things, generally attacking that which men most prize."

"This is quite new too, general. A tax on tobacco! The law-makers in those countries cannot chew. I drink to your good health, sir, and many happy returns to such banquets as this."

Here the commodore raised to his lips a large silver punch-bowl, which Pierre had furnished, and fastening his eyes on the boughs of a gnarled oak, he looked, for near a minute, like a man who was intently taking an obser-

vation. All this time the captain regarded him with sympathetic pleasure, and when the bowl was free, he imitated the example, leveling his own eye at a cloud, that seemed floating at an angle of forty-five degrees above him, expressly for that purpose.

“That is a lazy cloud!” exclaimed the general, as he let go his hold, to catch breath; “I have been watching it near a minute, and it has not moved so much as an inch.”

“Tobacco!” repeated the commodore, drawing a long breath, as if he was just recovering the play of his lungs. “I should as soon think of laying a tax on punch. The country that pursues such a policy must, sooner or later, meet with a downfall. I never knew good come out of persecution.”

“I find you are a sensible man, commodore, and regret I did not make your acquaintance earlier in life. Have you yet made up your mind on the subject of religious faith?”

“Why, my dear general, not to be nibbling, like a sucker with a sore mouth, with a per-

son of your liberality, I shall give you a plain history of my adventures, in the way of experiences, that you may judge for yourself. I was born an Episcopalian, if one can say so, but was converted to Presbyterianism at twenty. I stuck to this denomination about five years, when I thought I would try the Baptists, having got to be fond of the water, by this time. At thirty-two I fished a while in company with the Methodists, since which conversion, I have chosen to worship God pretty much by myself out here on the lake."

"Do you consider it any harm to hook a fish on a Sunday?"

"No more than it is to eat a fish on a Sunday. I go altogether by faith in my religion, general; for they talked so much to me of the uselessness of works, that I've got to be very unparticular as to what I do. Your people who have been converted four or five times, are like so many pickerel, which snap at every hook."

"This is very much my case. Now on the river—of course you know where the river is?"

“Certainly,” said the commodore; “it is at the foot of the lake.”

“My dear commodore, when we say ‘the river,’ we always mean the Connecticut; and I’m surprised a man of your sagacity should require to be told this. There are people on the river who contend that a ship should heave-to of a Sunday. They did talk of getting up an Anti-Sunday-Sailing Society, but the ship-masters were too many for them, as they threatened to start a Society to put down the growing of ‘inyens’ (the captain *would* use this pronunciation,) except of week days. Well, I started in life on the platform tack, in the way of religion, and I believe I shall stand on the same course, till orders come to ‘cast anchor,’ as you call it. With you, I hold out for faith, as the one thing needful. Pray, my good friend, what are your real sentiments concerning Old Hickory.”

“Tough, sir—tough as a day in February on this lake. All fins, and gills, and bones.”

“That is the justest character I have yet

heard of the old gentleman, and it says a great deal in a few words. No category about it. I hope the punch is to your liking?"

On this hint the old fisherman raised the bowl to his lips a second time, and renewed the agreeable duty of letting its contents flow down his throat in a pleasant stream. This time he took aim at a gull that was sailing over his head, only relinquishing the draught as the bird settled into the water. The "general" was more particular; for, selecting a stationary object on the top of an oak that grew on the mountain near him, he studied it with an admirable abstruseness of attention, until the last drop was drained. As soon as this startling fact was mentioned, however, both the *convives* set about repairing the accident by squeezing lemons, sweetening water, and mixing liquors, *secundum artem*. At the same instant, each lighted a cigar, and the conversation, for some time, was carried on between their teeth.

"We have been so frank with each other

to-day, my excellent commodore," said Captain Truck, "that did I know your true sentiments concerning Temperance Societies, I should look on your inmost soul as a part of myself. By these free communications men get really to know each other."

"If liquor is not made to be drunk, for what is it made? Any one may see that this lake was made for skiffs and fishing. It has a length, breadth, and depth suited to such purposes. Now, here is liquor distilled, bottled, and corked; and I ask if all does not show that it was made to be drunk? I dare say your temperance men are ingenious, but let them answer that, if they can."

"I wish from my heart, my dear sir, we had known each other fifty years since. That would have brought you acquainted with salt water, and left nothing to be desired in your character. We think alike, I believe, in everything but on the virtues of fresh water. Now, if these temperance people had their way, we should all be turned into so many

Turks, who never taste wine, and yet marry a dozen wives."

"One of the great merits of fresh water, general, is what I call its mixable quality."

"There would be an end to Saturday nights, too, which are the seaman's tea-parties."

"I question if many of them fish in the rain from sunrise to sunset."

"Or stand their watches in wet pee-jackets from sunset to sunrise. Splicing the main-brace at such times is the very quintessence of human enjoyments."

"If liquors were not made to be drunk," said the commodore, logically, "I would again ask, for what are they made? Let the temperance men get over that difficulty, if they can."

"Commodore, I wish you twenty more good hearty years of fishing in this lake, which grows each instant more beautiful in my eyes, as I confess does the whole earth; and, to show you that I say no more than I think, I will clench it with a draught."

Captain Truck now brought his right eye to bear on the new moon, which happened to be at a convenient height, closed the left one, and continued in that attitude until the commodore began seriously to think that he was to get nothing besides the lemon seeds for his share. This apprehension, however, could only arise from ignorance of his companion's character, than whom a juster man, according to the notions of ship-masters, did not live; and had one measured the punch that was left in the bowl, when this draught was ended, he would have found that precisely one half of it was still untouched, to a thimbleful. The commodore now had his turn, and, before he got through, the stand of the vessel was as much uppermost as the butt of a clubbed firelock. As the honest fisherman took breath after this exploit, and lowered his eyes from the vault of heaven to the surface of earth, he caught a view of a boat crossing the lake, coming from the Silent Pine to that Point, on which they were en-

joying so many agreeable hallucinations on the subject of temperance.

“Yonder is the party from the Wigwam,” he said, “and they will be just in time to become converts to our opinions, if they have any doubts on the subjects we have discussed. Shall we give up the ground by taking to the skiff, or do you feel disposed to face the women?”

“Under ordinary circumstances, commodore, I should prefer your society to all the petticoats in the state, but there are two ladies in that party, either of whom I would marry any day at a minute’s warning.”

“Sir,” said the commodore with a tone of warning, “we, who have lived bachelors so long, and are wedded to the water, ought never to speak lightly on so grave a subject.”

“Nor do I. Two women, one of whom is twenty, and the other seventy, and hang me if I know which I prefer.”

“You would soonest be rid of the last, my dear general, and my advice is, to take her.”

“Old as she is, sir, a king would have to

plead hard to get her consent. We will make them some punch, that they may see we were mindful of them in their absence."

To work these worthies went in earnest, in order to anticipate the arrival of the party, and as the different compounds were being mingled the conversation did not flag. By this time both the salt-water and the fresh-water sailor were in that condition when men are apt to think aloud, and the commodore had lost all awe of his companion.

"To tell you my mind without any concealment, my dear sir," said he, "my only objection to you is, that you are not of the middle states. I admit the good qualities of the Yankees in a general way, and yet they are the very worst neighbours that a man can have."

"This is a new character of them, commodore, as they generally pass for the best in their own eyes: I should like to hear you explain your meaning."

"I call him a bad neighbour who never remains long enough in a place to love anything but himself. Now, sir, I have a feeling for

every pebble on the shore of this lake, a sympathy with every wave." Here the commodore began to twirl his hand about, with all the fingers standing apart, like so many spikes in a *chevaux-de-frise*; "and each hour, as I row across it, I find I like it better; and yet, sir, would you believe me, I often go away of a morning to pass the day on the water, and, on returning at night, find half the houses filled with new faces."

"What becomes of the old ones?" demanded Captain Truck, for this, it struck him, was getting the better of him with his own weapons—"Do you mean that the people come and go like the tides?"

"Exactly so, sir; just as it used to be with the herrings in the Otsego, before the Susquehannah was dammed, and as it still is with the swallows."

"Well, well, my good friend, take consolation. You'll meet all the faces you ever saw here one day in heaven."

"Never; not a man of them will stay there, if there be such a thing as moving. Depend

upon it, sir," added the commodore gravely, in the simplicity of his heart, "heaven is no place for a Yankee, if, by hook or by crook, he can get farther west. They are all too uneasy for any steady occupation. You, who are a navigator, must know something concerning the stars; is there such a thing as another world, that lies west of this?"

"That can hardly be, commodore, since the points of the compass only refer to objects on this earth. You know, I suppose, that a man, starting from this spot, and travelling due west, would arrive in time at this very point, coming in from the east; so that what is west to us in the heavens on this side of the world, is east to those on the other."

"This I confess I did not know, general. I have understood that what is good in one man's eyes, will be bad in another's, but never before have I heard that what is west to one man, lies east to another. I am afraid, general, that there is a little of the sogdollager bait in this?"

"Not enough, sir, to catch the merest freshwater gudgeon that swims. No, no; there is

neither east nor west off the earth, nor any up-and-down; and so we Yankees must try and content ourselves with heaven. Now, commodore, hand me the bowl, and we will go down to the shore, and offer the ladies our homage and some punch."

CHAPTER XX.

O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo !—

Romeo and Juliet.

THE usual effect of punch is to cause people to see double, but on this occasion the mistake was the other way, for two boats had touched the strand instead of the one announced by the commodore, and they brought with them the whole party from the Wigwam, Steadfast and Aristobulus included. A domestic or two had also been brought to prepare the customary repast.

Captain Truck was as good as his word, as respects the punch, and the beverage was offered to each of the ladies, in form, as soon as her feet had touched the green sward that covers that beautiful spot. Mrs. Hawker declined

drinking, in a way to delight the gallant seaman, for so completely had she gotten the better of all his habits and prejudices, that everything she did seemed right and gracious in his eyes.

The party soon separated into groups, or pairs, some being seated on the margin of the limpid waters, enjoying the light cool airs by which it was fanned, others lay off in the boats fishing, while the remainder plunged into the woods, that, in their native wildness, bounded the little spot of verdure, which, canopied by old oaks, formed the spot so recently the subject of controversy. In this manner an hour or two soon slipped away, when a summons was given for all to assemble around the viands.

The repast was laid on the grass, notwithstanding Aristobulus more than hinted that the public usually saw fit to introduce rude tables for that purpose. The Messrs. Effingham, however, were not to be taught by a mere bird of passage how a rustic *fête*, so peculiarly their own, ought to be conducted, and

the attendants were directed to spread the dishes on the turf. Around this spot rustic seats were *improvisés*, and the business of *restauration* proceeded. Of all there assembled, the Parisian feelings of Mademoiselle Viefville were the most excited, for to her the scene was one of pure delight, with the noble panorama of forest-clad mountains, the mirror-like lake, the overshadowing oaks, and the tangled brakes of the adjoining woods.

“*Mais, vraiment, ceci surpasse les Tuileries même, dans leur propre genre!*” she exclaimed with energy. “*On passerait volontiers par les dangers du desert, pour y parvenir.*”

Those who understood her smiled at this characteristic remark, and most felt disposed to join in the enthusiasm. Still, the manner in which their companions expressed the happiness they felt, appeared tame and unsatisfactory to Mr. Bragg and Mr. Dodge, these two persons being accustomed to see the young of the two sexes indulge in broader exhibitions of merry-makings than those in which it com-

ported with the taste and habits of the present party to indulge. In vain Mrs. Hawker, in her quiet dignified way, enjoyed the ready wit and masculine thoughts of Mrs. Bloomfield, appearing to renew her youth; or Eve, with her sweet simplicity, cultivated mind, and improved tastes, seemed like a highly polished mirror, to throw back the flashes of thought and memory that so constantly gleamed before both; all was lost on these thoroughly matter-of-fact utilitarians. Mr. Effingham, all courtesy and mild refinement, was seldom happier, and John Effingham was never more pleasant, for he had laid aside the severity of his character, to appear, what he ought always to have been, a man in whom intelligence and quickness of thought could be made to seem secondary to the gentler qualities. The young men were not behind their companions, each in his particular way appearing to advantage, gay, regulated, and full of humour, rendered so much the more agreeable by drawing its images from a knowledge of the world tempered by observation and practice.

Poor Grace was the only one of the whole party, always excepting Aristobulus and Steadfast, who, for those fleeting but gay hours, was not thoroughly happy. For the first time in her life she felt her own deficiencies; that ready and available knowledge so exquisitely feminine in its nature and exhibition, which escaped Mrs. Bloomfield and Eve, as it might be, from its own excess, which the former possessed almost intuitively—a gift of heaven, and which the latter enjoyed not only from the same source, but as a just consequence of her long and steady self-denial, application, and a proper appreciation of her duties to herself: this was denied one who, in ill-judged compliance with the customs of a society that had no other apparent aim than the love of display, had precluded herself from enjoyments that none but the intellectual can feel. Still Grace was beautiful and attractive, and though she wondered where her cousin, in general so simple and unpretending, had acquired all those stores of thought that in the *abandon* and freedom of

such a fête escaped her in rich profusion, embellished with ready allusions, and a brilliant though chastened wit, her generous and affectionate heart could permit her to wonder without envying. She perceived, for the first time, on this occasion, that if Eve were indeed a Hajji, it was not a Hajji of a common school; and while her modesty and self-abasement led her bitterly to regret the hours irretrievably wasted in the frivolous levities so common to those of her sex with whom she had been most accustomed to mingle, her sincere regret did not lessen her admiration for one she began so tenderly to love.

As for Messrs. Dodge and Bragg, they both determined in their own minds that this was much the most stupid entertainment they had ever seen on that spot, for it was entirely destitute of loud laughing, noisy merriment, coarse witticism, and practical jokes. To them, indeed, it appeared the height of arrogance for any particular set of persons to presume to come to a spot rendered sacred by the public

suffrage in its favour in order to indulge in such dog-in-the-mangerisms, that no one else could enjoy.

Towards the close of this gay repast, and when the party were about to yield their places to the attendants, who were ready to re-ship the utensils, John Effingham observed—

“ I trust, my dear Mrs. Hawker, you have been duly warned of the fatal character of this Point, on which woman is said never to have been wooed in vain. Here are Captain Truck and myself, ready at any moment to use these carving-knives, *faute des Bowies*, in order to show our desperate devotion, and I deem it no more than prudent in you not to smile again this day, lest the cross-readings of jealousy should impute it to a wrong motive.”

“ Had the injunction been against laughing, sir, I might have resisted, but smiles are far too feeble to express one’s approbation on such a day as this; you may, therefore, trust to my discretion. Is it then true that Hymen courts these shades?”

“ A bachelor’s history of the progress of

love may be, like his education of his children, distrusted ; but so sayeth tradition ; and I never put foot in the place without making fresh vows of constancy to myself. After this announcement of the danger, dare you accept an arm ? for I perceive signs that life cannot be entirely wasted in these pleasures, great as they may prove.”

The whole party arose, and separating into groups or pairs, they again strolled along the pebbly strand, or beneath the trees, while the attendants made their preparations to depart. Accident, as much as design, left Sir George and Grace alone, though neither observed the circumstance until they had passed a little rise in the formation of the ground, and were beyond the sight of their companions. The baronet was the first to perceive how much he had been favoured by fortune, and his feelings were touched by the air of gentle melancholy that shaded the usually bright and brilliant countenance of the beautiful girl.

“ I should have thrice enjoyed this pleasant day,” he said, with an interest in his manner

that caused the heart of Grace to beat quicker, “had I not seen that to you it has been less productive of satisfaction than to most of those around you. I fear you may not be as well as usual?”

“In health, never better, though not in spirits, perhaps.”

“I could wish I had a right to inquire why you, who have so little cause in general to be out of spirits, should have chosen a moment so little in accordance with the common feeling.”

“I have chosen no moment; the moment has chosen me, I fear. Never until this day, Sir George Templemore, have I ever been truly sensible of my great inferiority to my cousin Eve.”

“An inferiority that no one but yourself would observe or mention.”

“No, I am neither vain enough nor ignorant enough to be the dupe of this flattery,” returned Grace, shaking her handsome head, while she forced a smile; for even the delusion which those we love pour into our ears is not without its charms. “When I first met my

cousin, after her return, my own imperfections rendered me blind to her superiority ; but she herself has gradually taught me to respect her mind, her womanly character, her tact, her delicacy, principles, breeding, everything that can make a woman estimable or worthy to be loved ! Oh ! how have I wasted in childish amusement and frivolous vanities the precious moments of that girlhood which can never be recalled, and left myself scarcely worthy to be an associate of Eve Effingham !”

The pent feelings of Grace had so far gotten the control that she scarce knew what she said, or to whom she was speaking, and she wrung her hands in the momentary bitterness of her regrets in a way to arouse all the sympathy of a lover.

“ No one but yourself would say this, Miss Van Courtlandt, and least of all your admirable cousin.”

“ She is, indeed, my admirable cousin ! But what are *we* in comparison with such a woman ? Simple and unaffected as a child, with the intelligence of a scholar ; with all the graces of a

woman, she has the learning and mind of a man. Mistress of so many languages—”

“ But you, too, speak several, my dear Miss Van Courtlandt.”

“ Yes,” said Grace, bitterly, “ I *speak* them as the parrot repeats words that he does not understand. But Eve Effingham has used these languages as means, and she does not tell you what such a phrase or idiom means, but what the greatest writers have thought and written.”

“ No one has a more profound respect for your cousin than myself, Miss Van Courtlandt, but justice to you requires that I should say her great superiority over yourself has escaped me.”

“ This may be true, Sir George Templemore, and for a long time it escaped me too. I have only learned to prize her as she ought to be prized by an intimate acquaintance, hour by hour, as it might be. But even you must have observed how quick and intuitively my cousin and Mrs. Bloomfield have understood each other to-day; how much extensive reading,

and what polished tastes they have both shown, and all so truly feminine! Mrs. Bloomfield is a remarkable woman, but she loves these exhibitions, for she knows she excels in them. Not so with Eve Effingham, who, while she so thoroughly enjoys everything intellectual, is content always to seem so simple. Now, it happens that the conversation turned once to-day on a subject that my cousin, no later than yesterday, fully explained to me at my own earnest request, and I observed that, while she joined so naturally with Mrs. Bloomfield in adding to our pleasure, she kept back half her knowledge, lest she might seem to surpass her friend. No—no—no—there is no such other woman as Eve Effingham in this world!”

“So keen a perfection of excellence in others denotes an excellence in yourself.”

“I know my own great inferiority now, and no kindness of yours, Sir George Templemore, can ever persuade me into a better opinion of myself. Eve has travelled, seen much in Europe that does not exist here, and instead of passing her youth in girlish trifling, has treated

the minutes as if they were all precious, as she knew them to be."

"If Europe, then, does indeed possess these advantages, why not yourself visit it, dearest Miss Van Courtlandt?"

"I—I a Hajji!" cried Grace with childish delight, though her colour heightened, and for a moment Eve and her superiority were forgotten.

Certainly, Sir George Templemore did not come out on the lake that day with any expectation of offering his baronetcy, his fair estate, with his hand, to this artless, half educated, provincial, but beautiful girl. For a long time he had been debating with himself the propriety of such a step, and it is probable that at some later period he would have sought an occasion, had not one now so opportunely offered, notwithstanding all his doubts and reasonings with himself. If the "woman who hesitates is lost," it is equally true that the man who pretends to set up his reason alone against beauty, is certain to find sense less powerful than the senses. Had Grace

Van Courtlandt been more sophisticated, less natural, her beauty alone might have failed to make this conquest ; but the baronet found a charm in her *naïveté*, that was singularly winning on the feelings of a man of the world. Eve had first attracted him by the same quality, the early education of American females being less constrained and artificial than that of the English ; but in Eve he found a mental training and acquisitions that left the quality less conspicuous, perhaps, than in her scarcely less beautiful cousin, though, had Eve met his admiration with anything like sympathy, her power over him would not have been easily weakened. As it was, Grace had been gradually winding herself around his affections, and he now poured out his love in a language that her unpractised and already favourably disposed feelings had no means of withstanding. A very few minutes were allowed to them before the summons to the boat, but when this summons came, Grace rejoined the party, elevated in her own good opinion, as happy as a cloudless future could make

her, and without a thought of the immeasurable superiority of her cousin. By a singular coincidence, while the baronet and Grace were thus engaged on one part of the shore, Eve was the subject of a similar proffer on another. She had left the circle, attended by Paul, her father, and Aristobulus, but no sooner had they reached the margin of the water, than the two former were called away by Captain Truck, to settle some controverted point between the latter and the commodore. By this unlooked for desertion, Eve found herself alone with Mr. Bragg.

“That was a funny and comprehensive remark, Mr. John made about the ‘Point,’ Miss Eve,” Aristobulus commenced, as soon as he found himself in possession of the ground. “I should like to know if it be really true that no woman was ever unsuccessfully wooed beneath these oaks? If such be the case, we gentlemen ought to be cautious how we come here.”

Here Aristobulus simpered, and looked if possible more amiable than ever, though the

quiet composure and womanly dignity of Eve, (who respected herself too much, and too well knew what was due to her sex, ever to enter into, or, so far as it depended on her will, to permit, any of that common-place and vulgar trifling about love and matrimony, which formed a never-failing theme between the youthful of the two sexes in Mr. Bragg's particular circle,) sensibly curbed his ambitious hopes. Still he thought he had made too good an opening not to pursue the subject."

"Mr. John Effingham sometimes indulges in pleasantries," Eve quietly answered, "that would lead one far astray who might attempt to follow."

"Love is a Jack-a-lantern," rejoined Aristobulus, sentimentally, "that I admit; and it is no wonder so many get swamped in following his lights, which are not the lights of reason. Have you ever felt the tender passion, Miss Eve?"

Now, Aristobulus had heard this precise question put at the *soirée* of Mrs. Houston

half a dozen times, and he believed himself to be in the most polite *train* for a regular declaration. An ordinary woman, who felt herself offended by this question, would most probably have stepped back, and raising her form to its utmost elevation, answered by an emphatic "Sir!" Not so with Eve. She felt the distance between Mr. Bragg and herself to be so great, that by no probable means could he even offend her by any assumption of equality. This distance was the result of opinions, habits, and education, rather than of condition, however; for though Eve Effingham could become the partner of a gentleman only, she was entirely superior to those prejudices of the world that depend on purely factitious causes. Instead of discovering surprise, indignation, or dramatic dignity, therefore, at this extraordinary question, she barely permitted a smile to curl her handsome mouth, and this so slightly as to escape her companion's eye.

"I believe we are to be favoured with as smooth water, in returning to the village, as we had in the morning, while coming to this

place," she simply said. " You row sometimes, I think, Mr. Bragg?"

" Ah! Miss Eve, such another opportunity may never occur again, for you foreign ladies are so difficult of access! Let me then seize this happy moment, here, beneath the hymeneal oaks, to offer you this faithful hand and this willing heart. Of fortune you will have enough for both, and I say nothing about the miserable dross. Reflect, Miss Eve, how happy we might be in protecting and soothing the old age of your excellent father, and in going down the hill of life in company; or as the song says,

" And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep the 'gither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Joe."

" You draw very agreeable pictures, Mr. Bragg, and with the touches of a master!"

" However agreeable you find them, Miss Eve, they fall infinitely short of the truth. The tie of wedlock, besides being the most sacred of life, is also the dearest, and happy indeed are they who enter into the solemn

engagement with such cheerful prospects as ourselves. Our ages are perfectly suitable, our dispositions entirely consonant, our habits so similar as to obviate all unpleasant changes, and our fortunes precisely what they ought to be to render a marriage happy, with confidence on one side, and gratitude on the other. As to the day, Miss Eve, I could wish to leave you altogether the mistress of that, and shall not be urgent. It is the privilege of your sex."

Eve had often heard John Effingham comment on the cool impudence of a particular portion of the American population, with great amusement to herself, but never did she expect to be the subject of an attack like this in her own person. By way of rendering the scene perfect, Aristobulus had taken out his penknife, cut a twig from a bush, and he now rendered himself doubly interesting by commencing the favourite occupation of whittling. A better picture of a rational passion could not well have been drawn.

“ You are bashfully silent, Miss Eve—I make all due allowances for natural timidity, and shall say no more at present ; though, ‘ as silence gives consent’——”

“ If you please, sir,” interrupted Eve hastily, with a slight motion of her parasol that implied a check, “ I presume our habits and opinions, notwithstanding you seem to think them so consonant to each other, are sufficiently different for you not to see the impropriety of one who is situated like yourself, abusing the confidence of a parent, by making such a proposal to a daughter without her father’s knowledge, and on that point I shall say nothing. But as you have done me the honour of making a very unequivocal offer of your hand, I wish that the answer may be as distinct as the proposal. I decline the advantage and happiness of becoming your wife, sir.”

“ Time flies, Miss Eve !”

“ Time does fly, Mr. Bragg ; and if you remain much longer in the employment of Mr. Effingham, you may lose an opportunity

of advancing your fortunes at the West, whither, I understand, it has long been your intention to emigrate."

"I will readily relinquish all my hopes at the West for your sake."

"No, sir; I cannot be a party to such a sacrifice. I will not say forget *me*, but forget your hopes here, and renew those you have so unreflectingly abandoned beyond the Mississippi. I shall not represent this conversation to Mr. Effingham in a manner to create any unnecessary prejudices against you; and while I thank you, as every woman should, for an offer that must infer some portion, at least, of your good opinion, you will permit me again to wish you all lawful success in your western enterprises."

Eve gave Mr. Bragg no farther opportunity to renew his suit, for she courtesied and left him as she ceased speaking. Mr. Dodge, who had been a distant observer of the interview, now hastened to join his friend, curious to know the result, for it had been privately arranged between these modest

youths, that each should try his fortune in turn with the heiress, did she not accept the first proposal, as, however, it was rather supposed she might. To the chagrin of Steadfast, and probably to the reader's surprise, Aristobulus informed his friend that Eve's manner and language had been full of encouragement.

“She thanked me for the offer, Mr. Dodge,” he said, “and her wishes for my future prosperity at the West were warm and repeated. Eve Effingham is indeed a charming creature!”

“At the West! perhaps she means differently from what you imagine. I know her well; that girl is full of art.”

“Art, sir!—she spoke as plainly as woman could speak; and I repeat that I feel considerably encouraged. It is something to have had so plain a conversation with Eve Effingham.”

Mr. Dodge swallowed his discontent, and the whole party soon embarked to return to the village; the commodore and the general

taking boat by themselves, in order to bring their discussions on human affairs in general to a dignified close.

That night Sir George Templemore asked an interview with Mr. Effingham, who was alone in his library.

“I sincerely hope this request is not the forerunner of a departure,” said the latter kindly, as the young man entered, “in which case I shall regard you as one unmindful of the hopes he has raised. You stand pledged by implication, if not in words, to pass another month with us.”

“So far from entertaining any intention so faithless, my dear sir, I am fearful that you may think I trespass too far on your hospitality.”

He then communicated his wish to be allowed to make Grace Van Courtlandt his wife. Mr. Effingham heard him with a smile, that showed he was not altogether unprepared for such a demand, and his eye glistened as he squeezed the other's hand.

“Take her, with all my heart, Sir George,”

he said ; “but remember you are transferring a tender plant into a strange soil. There are not many of your countrymen to whom I would confide such a trust, for I know the risk they run who make ill-assorted unions.”

“Ill-assorted unions, Mr. Effingham!”

“Yours will not be one in the ordinary acceptation of the term, I know ; for in years, birth, and fortune, you and my dear niece are as much on an equality as can be desired ; but it is too often an ill-assorted union for an American woman to become an English wife. So much depends on the man, that with one in whom I have less confidence than I have in you, I might justly hesitate. I shall take a guardian’s privilege, though Grace be now her own mistress, and give you one solemn piece of advice,—always respect the country of the woman you have thought worthy to bear your name.”

“I hope always to respect everything that is hers ; but why this particular caution ?—Miss Van Courtlandt is almost English in heart.”

“An affectionate wife will generally take her bias, in such matters, from her husband. Your country will be her country; your God her God. Still, Sir George Templemore, a woman of spirit and sentiment can never wholly forget the land of her birth. You love us not in England, and one who settles there will often have occasion to hear gibes and sneers on the land from which she came.”

“Good God! Mr. Effingham, you do not think I shall take my wife into society where—”

“Bear with a proser’s doubts, Templemore. You will do all that is well-intentioned and proper, I dare say, in the usual acceptation of the words; but I wish you to do more,—that which is wise. Grace has now a sincere reverence and respect for England, feelings that in many particulars are sustained by facts, and will be permanent; but in some respects observation, as is usually the case with the young and sanguine, will detect the mistakes into which she had been led by enthusiasm and the imagination. As she knows

other countries better she will come to regard her own with more favourable and discriminating eyes; losing her sensitiveness on account of peculiarities she now esteems, and taking new views of things. At the risk of being thought selfish, I shall add, also, that if you wish to cure your wife of any homesickness, the surest mode will be to bring her back to her native land."

"Nay, my dear sir," said Sir George, laughing, "this is very much like acknowledging its blemishes."

"I am aware it has that appearance, and yet the fact is otherwise. The cure is as certain with the Englishman as with the American, and with the German as with either. It depends on a general law, which causes us all to over-estimate bygone pleasures and distant scenes, and to undervalue those of the present moment. You know I have always maintained there is no real philosopher short of fifty, nor any taste worth possessing that is a dozen years old."

Here Mr. Effingham rang the bell, and de-

sired Pierre to request Miss Van Courtlandt to join him in the library. Grace entered blushing and shy, but with a countenance beaming with inward peace. Her uncle regarded her for a moment intently, and a tear glistened in his eye again as he tenderly kissed her burning cheek.

“God bless you, love,” he said, “’tis a fearful change for your sex, and yet you all enter into it radiant with hope, and noble in your confidence. Take her, Templemore,” giving her hand to the baronet, “and deal kindly by her. You will not desert us entirely. I trust I shall see you both once more in the Wigwam before I die.”

“Uncle, uncle!” burst from Grace, as drowned in tears she threw herself into Mr. Effingham’s arms; “I am an ungrateful, inconsiderate girl, thus to abandon all my natural friends. I have acted wrongly—”

“Wrongly! dearest Miss Van Courtlandt.”

“Selfishly, then, Sir George Templemore,” the simple-minded girl ingenuously added, scarcely knowing how much her words im-

plied ; “ perhaps this matter ought to be reconsidered.”

“ I am afraid little would be gained by that, my love,” returned the smiling uncle, wiping his eyes at the same instant. “ The second thoughts of ladies usually confirm the first in such matters. God bless you, Grace. Templemore, may Heaven have you too in its holy keeping. Remember what I have said, and to-morrow we will converse further on the subject. Does Eve know of this, my niece ?”

The colour went and came rapidly in Grace’s cheek, and she looked to the floor abashed.

“ We ought, then, to send for her,” resumed Mr. Effingham, again reaching towards the bell.

“ Uncle !” and Grace hurriedly interposed in time to save the string from being pulled : “ could I keep such an important secret from my dearest cousin !”

“ I find that I am the last to know it, as is generally the case with old fellows, and I believe that I am even now *de trop*.”

Mr. Effingham kissed Grace again affectionately, and although she endeavoured to detain him, he left the room.

“We must follow,” said Grace, hastily wiping her eyes, and rubbing the traces of tears from her cheeks. “Excuse me, Sir George Templemore; will you open—”

He did open, not the door, but his arms. Grace seemed like one that was rendered giddy by standing on a precipice; but when she felt the young baronet was at hand to receive her, instead of quitting the library that instant, the bell had announced the appearance of the supper-tray before she even remembered that she had so earnestly intended to do so.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.







PS1407
H7
18382
V. 2



